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NOVEL-READING.

I HAVE just been reading a dissertation upon novel-reading, in which the writer says a great many grave and weighty things on the subject, and finally winds up by asserting, that supposing the whole stock of the Novelist's library to amount to one thousand, five hundred of these are void of all judgment, genius and taste, composed without knowledge of the world, or skill in composition; and of the remainder, four hundred and ninety-nine are calculated only to corrupt and deprave the morals. While engaged in pondering on this very comprehensive declaration, who should enter the apartment but Miss D..... on a visit to my sister. This lady has an ample fortune, a lively curiosity, studious temper, and, though young and handsome, no lover. She has therefore abundant leisure, and all the means of reading at com-

mand. Novels are her favourite performances, and she has collected such a number of these as would enable her to supply the whole stock of a circulating library. As soon as she was seated, I read to her this severe sentence upon novels, and desired her opinion upon the subject.

Pray, said she a little indignant, who is this profound judge? I should like to be acquainted with a man, who knows of the existence, nay, who has, himself, read one thousand novels. I have never been able to collect even the titles of three-fourths of that number, and have spared neither pains nor pence in the attempt.

This number, said I, is merely hypothetical; but why should you suppose him to have read all the thousand?

Because I am charitable enough to suppose him possessed of common justice and common sense;

and either of these would hinder him from judging without inquiry, of deciding without knowledge; and especially, would forbid him to pronounce so absolute and so severe a sentence without a careful and extensive examination of the subject.

I doubt much, said I, whether, in this case, he has read very closely or extensively. I am told, that he has little leisure for that kind of reading which the world, in general, has agreed to call mere pastime or amusement, and his taste leads him far away from such a library as yours.

'Tis a pity then, replied the lady, that he did not forbear to judge so severely and so positively. One in ten, that is one hundred in *the thousand* is the least that we novel-readers can allow him as a sample, by which to judge of the rest. If he has read this number impartially and carefully, let him then pronounce judgment, telling us, at the same time, by what shred he has judged of the piece, and then, though we may reject his decision as groundless and absurd, yet we shall not deny his right to deliver an opinion. Without a suitable examination, this surely is a most rash and culpable thing, thus to condemn, as labouring only for corruption and depravity, so great a number of that unfortunate class of men, called authors. Novelists, in general, write for the sake of a subsistence. Their end is not only innocent but laudable, and the means they employ is to gratify that passion of enlightened minds which loves to contemplate human life in the mirror which genius holds up to it.

Those who condemn novels, or fiction, *in the abstract*, (continued the lady) are guilty of shameful absurdity and inconsistency. They are profoundly ignorant of human nature; the brightest of whose properties is to be influenced more by example than by precept: and of human taste; the purest of whose gratifications is to view human characters and events, depicted by a vigorous and enlightened fancy....

They condemn every thing which has gained the veneration of the world in all ages. They who condemn novels *as they are actually written*, evince nothing but an early prejudice, which will not permit them to *examine* before they *judge*, or a casual bias in favour of particular pursuits, which always leads a narrow mind to condemn all other reading as frivolous or pernicious.

You are very severe methinks, said I. Are you really willing to maintain that *all* novels are ingenious and beneficial?

That would be the height of the ridiculous, she replied. I love poetry, and revere the poets; but I never dreamed that *all* the verse that ever was written or published is useful and good. I love books, and read not a little; but I do not imagine that *every thing printed* is necessarily full of entertainment or instruction. Neither can I refuse to teach a child to read, because he may possibly light upon something in the form of books trifling or pernicious. It would be just as wise to sew up his mouth, because he may possibly swallow a poisoned berry, or a brass pin: to break both his legs, because he may possibly walk under a penthouse when it is falling. As to prohibit him from reading every thing called a novel, because there are books under that denomination, which may possibly deprave the morals, or vitiate the taste.

But my good friend, said I, you cannot but be aware that your comparisons are out of place. Many serious people prohibit novels altogether, merely because a vast majority of them are bad; because the chances of hurt, from reading them, greatly exceed the chances of benefit.

I deny it, said the zealous lady. A profligate novel is an extreme rarity. To write *immoral* tales, whatever recluse pedants may say, is by no means the road to popularity. In every kind of composition, it is always a small proportion, and the smallest proportion that is excellent. The larger proportion is

indifferent or doubtful. The number of good novels, that is to say, novels that may be read with benefit and pleasure by persons of good morals and good taste, is very considerable. It is not true that the rest are particularly deficient in morality. The herd of romance-writers, are, for the most part, goaded by necessity into authorship. They seldom bring to the trade more than a good education, and good intentions; and the deficiency is not in the moral purpose of the work, but in the taste and genius displayed in the execution. If there are many insipid novels, it is because the whole number is very great. The man of taste easily discerns their defects, and lays them aside at the bottom of the first page. Boys and girls, and men and woman whose judgments are no better than those of boys and girls, read and relish them. The food is suited to the palate, and they derive a pleasure from it which at least is innocent.

The number of good novels, I repeat, is very large. It is not a task of such mighty difficulty, to distinguish them from the still greater number which are trivial or insipid. A list is easily formed, and those who want a guide in the selection may easily find one: and even the trivial and injudicious are not without their use, since there are vast numbers whose judgment and education raise them just high enough to relish these meagre tales, and to whom sublimer fictions and austere studies are totally unfit.

They who prate about the influence of novels to unfit us for solid and useful reading, are guilty of a double error: for in the first place, a just and powerful picture of human life in which the connection between vice and misery, and between felicity and virtue is vividly portrayed, is the most solid and useful reading that a moral and social being (exclusive of particular cases and professional engagements) can read; and in the second place, the most trivial and trite of these performances are, to readers of cer-

tain ages and intellects, the only books which they will read. If they were not thus employed, they would be employed in a way still more trivial or pernicious. Pray, Crito, what do you think of the matter?

Why, my fair critic, you are a warm and zealous advocate; and, perhaps, defend your cause with a little more eloquence than truth. I cannot but say, however, that my fancy has received more delight, my heart more humanity, and my understanding more instruction from a few novels I could name, than from any other works; and that the merit of a score or two of these is, in my apprehension, so great, that they are the first and principal objects to which I would direct the curiosity of a child or pupil of mine.

I think, however, you assert a little rashly, when you say that a profligate novel is an extreme novelty. I could name half a dozen, French and English, in a trice, that deserves this character; but all that your cause requires is, that there are a great many specimens of fiction where merit is liable to no exception; that there are the most popular and current works of the kind, and, consequently most likely to fall into the hand of readers who take up books at random: and that guides to a right choice are always to be found.

WOODEN BUILDINGS.

I have heard very disastrous news to-day. A large part of the town of Norfolk has been destroyed by fire, and property to the value of near two millions has been consumed. The whole subsistence of some thousands has been swallowed up in a moment. They have been turned forth from their dwellings at an instant's notice, in a winter night. Their very cloaths, in many instances, denied them: their furniture, their moveables involved in destruction, or lost, or stolen, or shattered in removal; and even the source of future subsistence cut off to many in the destruction of goods

on the sale, or of houses on the rents, of which they live.

In the long and diversified history of human folly, there are few things more remarkable and more egregious than the custom of building houses of wood. It is almost impossible to count up the various evils which flow from this practice. It branches into such endless and innumerable channels that the most rigorous understanding would be overtaken in reckoning or tracing them.

The most obvious evils are those which arise from the sudden destruction of property, and the reduction to abject poverty of numbers thrifty or affluent; but these, the direct consequences, are by no means the only ones. The fear of death, according to the proverb, is worse than death itself; and the calamity of fire is little, compared with the terror of it, by which so many minds are incessantly haunted. Let us, likewise, reflect upon the injury which men incur in their health, in being summoned at unseasonable hours to a fire; perhaps at the hours dedicated to repose, in the depth of winter. How many lives have been shortened, and how many have been incommoded while they lasted, by unseasonable exposure to wet and cold.

And what a troublesome and expensive apparatus does the dread of fire give birth to. Here is a complicated engine to build and preserve: a house erected to cover it: officers appointed to drag it to the scene of destruction, and to manage it when there: eight or ten thousand leather-buckets: long hooks, and enormous ladders; one to pull down a roof, and the other to scale it.

If all this devastation was indured, all this danger and terror incurred, without any fault of our own, and all this cumbrous apparatus provided, to obviate a natural evil: an evil which the nature of things renders inseparable from human society, they would excite no admiration; but the truth is, that all these are the consequences of our own mad-

ness and infatuation. We build our houses of materials which a spark will consume, instead of such as fire can take no hold off. Instead of brick, stone, tiles, and slate, which are so much more stable and durable; which contribute so infinitely more to quiet, comfort, and warmth, and which not only give us absolute security from fire, but supersede every troublesome precaution, and lays to rest every tremor and inquietude; instead of these, we surround our beds with pine, oak, and cedar; and commit our property and our existence to the mercy of a random spark.

In a city that could not take, or could not diffuse fire the tolling larum or the midnight outcry, would never be heard. No associations would be formed to extinguish fires, or indemnify the sufferers: no engines would thunder along the streets: and no sleep would be disquieted by apprehensions. Neither negligence, nor ignorance, nor villainy would have it in their power to do *this* species of mischief: the easiest, most obvious, and most practicable mischief that can be committed.

When the benefits of one sort, and the disadvantages of the other sort of buildings, are so enormous and so manifest, what has induced mankind, in all ages, to build with wood? The superior cheapness of timber will not solve the riddle, because all mankind are not obliged to consult frugality, and small indeed is that number who abstain from luxuries because necessaries are cheaper. Man must have a roof to shelter him, and if he cannot build a stone-house, he must have a wooden one; but I repeat the number is very large, of those who can afford to consult not only safety, comfort, and convenience, but even elegance in their habitations, who yet cling as obstinately to wooden walls, wooden floors, and wooden roofs, as if different materials were impossible to be obtained.

But is timber in whole, or in part, cheaper than stone and brick? This question will depend on local cir-

cumstances for its answer. In this city (Philadelphia) for instance how is this question to be answered? It is surely worth while to form some estimate of this nature; and let it be taken into the account, that a bowl which costs sixpence, and lasts only a year, is twice as dear as one that costs a shilling and lasts four years.

EDDYSTONE.

I have been reading Smeaton's history of his light-house at Eddystone. There is a good deal in the book to instruct the architect; but not a little likewise to amuse and inspire the imagination. The situation of this tower rising directly from the waves, and far distant from any land; in the midst of a sea remarkably tempestuous, and beaten almost constantly by billows so enormous as to throw their foam far above the summit of the edifice, which, nevertheless, is a very lofty one, is such as to fire the fancy. The solitude of this mansion, ascending amidst the waste of waters, the seeming frailty, yet real stability of its foundation, the dreary uniformity of the surrounding scene,

Dark, illimitable, wastful, wild, all conspire to feed and harmonize with melancholy and ferocious passions. The gloomily sublime, and the awfully magnificent are nowhere so amply and terribly unfolded as in the appearance of Eddystone in a storm.

I am the more interested by this description, because it has been my fortune to view this beakon by day and by night. I had a view of it in the morning on my voyage out, and at midnight, in a gloomy sky, on my return. The danger of too near an approach to the rocks on which it stands; the recollection that this tower was erected not to invite the wanderer to its shelter, but to warn him to keep off; the star-like brilliancy of the light at a distance, and its splendour and seemingly rapid motion when near, altogether con-

spired to fill me with a mixed emotion of terror, confidence, and wonder, which I can never forget. In the midst of an half pleasing tremor, and while I grasped a rope to keep my feet steady on the shifting deck, I found myself involuntarily muttering....

Let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Hewn out of peaked rock that laves
His foot with all the world of waves.

Smeaton anticipates the curiosity of the reader as to the means of persuading people to reside on this stormy and comfortless spot. A salary of about one hundred and twenty dollars a year, is, however, an adequate inducement, and there are some *lightmen* who have passed thirty years on this rock, without suffering their wishes or persons to stray from it more than a few weeks in the twelve months. As their contract is from month to month, they may be justly deemed their own masters, and their stay here must be accounted voluntary. Little can, indeed, be inferred from men's willingness to stay here as to the pleasures of the residence, since our motive to stay in one place is generally no other than the impossibility of changing it for a better; and we may, according to the mood we are in, indulge either our wonder at that pliability of temper, and that force of habit which enable men to find charms in a dwelling of this kind, or our compassion for that wretched lot, which cannot be improved by a change of abode.

DUELLING.

I have been reading a very amusing controversy in the public papers, which originated in a duel. I took it into my head to read it to the cynical Lysander, forgetting, for a moment, his inveterate animosity to duelling.

Lysander is neither tall nor strong; but he is agile and vigorous in proportion to his size; and can handle

a stick with a dexterity to which few are equal. He has always resorted to this weapon in resenting insults, and conscious of his ability to defend himself, he laughs at challenges. Duelling is a subject of perpetual declamation to him, and on which his eloquence is never tired, and his indignation never exhausted. On this occasion he, as usual, broke out into a philippic against *honour*, and ran volubly over all the usual topics against it, drawn from the impiety and immorality of revenge and from the folly of seeking vengeance in this way, supposing vengeance to be a reasonable or Christian passion.

Lysander has declaimed all his life on this subject without making a single convert. All the moral and religious writers of the age have taken up arms in the same cause, and employed in the warfare all manner of weapons. They have attacked duelling with argument and with jest, they have endeavoured to convince the judgment by Syllogisms, to seduce the passions by tales of terror and pity, and to gain over pride itself by loading honour and revenge with scorn and ridicule, and yet this universal conspiracy and strenuous combination against *custom*, has produced no effect. Custom, the god of this world, has still as many votaries as ever, and will slacken and disappear, merely through the caprice and instability of human nature. In no case is the tyranny of custom more conspicuous than in this. Nobody pretends publicly to justify; yet every body practices the rules of *honour*.

I have met with a couple of quartos, one upon duelling, and the other upon suicide. We are generally so fully convinced by our own reasonings, that no doubt the writer of these bulky volumes fondly imagined that after their publication, duelling and suicide would never more be heard of; and yet, how small a part even of the reading world ever heard of these books; and those who have prevailed upon themselves to travel through them, are not very

likely to recollect their contents in the hour of revenge or despair.

The legislature has come in aid of the moralist, and denounced heavy penalties against duelling. He that kills his antagonist in a duel, is guilty of homicide; and the exchange of challenges is punishable with heavy fines; and yet challenges are bandied to and fro, without ceremony or reserve, and men continually shed each other's blood in phantastic quarrels with absolute impunity. The very makers and distributors of law, are the first to enter the lists; and the most violent and unquestionable breach of the duty of men, as moral, reasonable, and sociable beings, are daily observed with indifference or approbation.

Experience has, by this time, sufficiently proved, that duelling is proof against argument and jest, against religion and law; and those who employ their time in framing laws and declamations against it, had better turn their attention to subjects on which men are capable of acting up to their convictions.

For the Literary Magazine.

AGRICULTURAL ESSAYS.

NO. II.

EVERY Farmer who had a mind in the least degree inquisitive, must be gratified by knowing something of the general nature of plants, and the history of vegetation: for such the following explanation is intended, for which I acknowledge myself to be chiefly indebted to the *Georgical Essays* of the ingenious and learned doctor Hunter, of York, in England.

The seed of a plant, after it has dropt from its receptacle, may be considered as an impregnated egg, within which the embryo plant is securely lodged. In a few days after it is committed to the earth, we may discern the rudiments of the future plant. Every part appears to exist in minature. The nutritive juices

of the soil insinuate themselves between the original particles of the plant, and bring about an extension of its parts. This is what is called the growth of the vegetable body.

Seeds have two coverings and two lobes, or distinct parts. These lobes constitute the body of the grain, and in the farinaceous kind, such as wheat, rye, oats, &c. they are the flour of the grain. Innumerable small vessels run through the substance of the lobes, which, uniting as they approach the seminal plant, form a small chord to be inserted into the body of the germe or sprout. Through it the nutriment supplied by the lobes is conveyed for the preservation and increase of the embryo plant.

To illustrate the subject, let us, with Dr. Hunter, take a view of what happens to a bean after it has been committed to the earth.

In a few days generally the external coverings open at one end, and disclose to the naked eye part of the body of the grain. This substance consists of two lobes, between which the seminal plant is securely lodged. Soon after the opening of the membranes, a sharp pointed body appears. This is the root. By a kind of principle which seems to carry with it some appearance of instinct, it seeks a passage downwards and fixes itself into the soil. At this period the root is a smooth and polished body, and perhaps has but little power to absorb any thing from the earth for the nutriment of the germe.

The two lobes now began to separate, and the germe, or sprout, with its leaves may plainly be discovered. As the germe increases in size, the lobes are further separated; and the tender leaves being closely joined push themselves forward in the form of a wedge.

The leaves take a contrary direction to the root. Influenced by the same miraculous instinct, if we may be allowed the expression, they seek a passage upward, which having obtained, they lay aside their wedge-

like form, and spread themselves in a horizontal direction, as being the best adapted to receive the rains and dews.

The radicle, or small root, every hour increasing in size and vigour, pushes itself deeper into the earth, from which it now draws some nutritive particles. At the same time the leaves of the germe being of a succulent nature, assist the plant by attracting from the atmosphere such particles as their tender vessels are fit to convey. These particles, however, have not in their own nature a sufficiency of nutriment for the increasing plant.

The young animal enjoys the milky humour of its parent. The vegetable lives upon a similar fluid, though differently supplied. For its use the farinaceous lobes are melted down into a milky juice, which, as long as it lasts, is conveyed to the tender plant by means of innumerable small vessels, which are spread through the substance of the lobes; and these vessels uniting into one common trunk, enter the body of the germe. Without this supply of balmy liquor, the plant must inevitably have perished; its roots being then too small to absorb a sufficiency of food, and its body too weak to assimilate it into nourishment.

A grain of wheat contains within two capsules, a considerable share of flour, which, when melted down into a liquor by the watery juices of the earth, constitute the nourishment of the tender plant, until its roots are grown sufficiently large to absorb their own food. Here is evidently a storehouse of nutriment. And from that idea it is plain that the plumpest grains are the most eligible for seed.

For a more full illustration of this interesting subject, I must recommend the work from which this is *extracted to those who can procure it.

RURICOLA.

* Mentioned in the commencement of this essay.

THOUGHTS ON DUELLING.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGH so many pens have been drawn to condemn this unnatural and inhuman method of deciding personal disputes; yet I conceive I shall do no harm if I add one to the number.

The first thing I shall endeavour to prove, is, that the custom is not a natural consequence of the causes which generally occasion duels: Revenge is the real motive which induces men to appeal to this bloody tribunal; suppose an insult given, or an injury inflicted, the injured party would acting from an immediate impulse of nature, seek immediate revenge and if the injury was great, he would probably sacrifice his enemy to his resentment. Those men who are but little refined, punish slight insults by corporal chastisement, an injury, if great, by death, if the fear of punishment do not deter them from shedding the blood of a fellow creature; but men of refined feelings, men of modern honour, who dread the laugh of fools, and the censures of madmen, unreasonably demand the same reparation for an insult as for an injury, even if the insult is in itself trifling; some petty observation displeasing in its nature though perhaps just in itself, some ungarded expression, perhaps, which escaped in a moment of conviviality and merriment, the offender is challenged to the field of honour, to prove his assertion or to give what is called honourable satisfaction. Shots are exchanged, one party is wounded, perhaps killed, and nothing more can be demanded. This is the general consequence of insults, and injuries without discrimination. It may be answered—the fear of thus being called to an account, acts as a restraint on the insolent; perhaps it does, but it should be remembered that these insults are not always intentionally given, and are not repaired by an immediate acknowledgment, only

because men are too proud to acknowledge an error or offer a reparation, lest their courage should be doubted; but what are we to think, when the greatest of injuries; such as are capable of firing every inflammable particle of the soul, and stimulating an insatiable desire of vengeance in the bosoms of men, are usually atoned for in the same manner? It is natural indeed, that men for a trifling injury seek a great revenge, but it is not natural for men, to be content with a trifling revenge, when they have suffered a great injury; did man act from an impulse of nature, would he challenge his enemy, who perhaps ruined him, his family, or blasted the brightest prospects of his life, who has perhaps seduced his sister, or his wife from the paths of virtue or conjugal fidelity, would he be satisfied by his enemy's exposing himself to the firing of his pistol, when he, perhaps, is himself exposed to the greatest danger? Would this honourable parade be a sufficient atonement for the injury he has suffered? No, no man would, I am certain. He would rather seek his destruction without injury to himself; he would lurk in ambush, take him by surprise, or pursue him to the earth's utmost verge, rather than leave his revenge ungratified. For the truth of this I appeal to experience,—I appeal to the well known customs of savage nations, who are not led to act differently either from motives of honour or religion? It is among these untutored people that we find the warmest friendships; and the most instances of the unrelenting spirit of revenge. Let us look back to the earliest periods and we shall find men acting in the same manner. Each man thought himself bound to avenge personal and family injuries, and generally gratified his revenge or perished in the attempt, but these men acted from motives of revenge only; they were unmixed with any notions of honour, they did not think it necessary in order to gratify this passion to run an equal

chance with the enemy, but now custom enacts, that he who has suffered an injury or received an insult, shall call the offender to the field, and there decide their differences by the force of arms; is not this unreasonable and preposterous? Ought I, if I am injured, give my enemy an equal chance with myself? perhaps better skilled in the use of arms, he adds my death to the injuries I have already suffered, and thus completes his triumph, or if I wound him, is perhaps, a three years confinement to be my only reparation? Do men act thus in a state of nature? no a very different course is pursued, they become assassins, this is a humiliating confession, but yet, its truth cannot be disputed.

Let us next consider the effects it produces on society; there certainly has been a time, when human laws did not punish offenders against the common rights of mankind, when the security of man rested on his personal courage and prowess, and that of the weaker sex on that of their defenders, then force was necessarily repelled by force, it was then necessary that men should consider their strength their only protection; but, since the power of punishing offences and deciding differences, is by common consent, placed in the hands of government, the laws place men on an equal footing, none can injure another with impunity, the offender is justly accountable to the laws of his country, to laws made for the express purpose of deciding differences between man and man, to protect the weak from oppression, and to administer impartial justice, it is therefore the duty of men to sacrifice private resentments at the shrine of public good, and though human wisdom has been found unable to devise a remedy for every possible case of the kind, yet it is the duty of every man, to submit to a trifling injury, rather than to transgress those laws which are so evidently calculated to preserve the peace of society. The welfare

of every man, their families and their country demand this sacrifice, if men boast of refinement and generosity, is it not greater proofs of it to forgive than avenge an injury? surely the generosity of his character shines with greater splendor in the former than in the latter case. Reflect ye men of honour, reflect a moment on the consequences of your conduct, your dispute ends in the death of your adversary, who has perhaps injured you so slightly that after an hour's reflection you would willingly have forgiven him, he perhaps is your friend, yet the false notion of honour you entertain, prevents your being the first to propose a reconciliation; when your enemy lies weltering in his blood, then are the mists of passion, prejudice and custom dissipated, and you see every thing in its true colours; then do you repent your rashness; when you see an aged parent, whose only joy perhaps has fallen by your arm, or when the tears of a mother and sisters whose support depended on his exertions, when all these follow in mournful silence and inexpressible grief, the dear departed to the repositories of the dead, will not your conscience accuse you of murder; reflect on this; think that your friends may be doomed to suffer the same ills, and then say, whether in such a cause you ought to risk the production of so dreadful a catastrophe.

Considered in a religious view, should not the fear of future punishment restrain the rash duelist, from the perpetration of so dreadful a crime; disguise it as we will, it is still murder in the fullest sense of the word, the parties (generally) with a view, each to destroy his antagonist, from motives of revenge, a passion of which the mild precepts of christianity forbids the indulgence, it inculcates the noblest virtues, the forgiveness of our enemies, let any one, advise another to assassinate his foe, and not risk his life in the event of a battle where his enemy has an equal

chance, and which cannot restore any thing he or his have lost by his enemy, would he not shudder at the proposal? would he not brand its author with infamy? would he not dread the vengeance of a justly offended God? he would; but strange inconsistency; he will meet his enemy, both armed with deadly weapons, and standing for ought he knows on the very brink of eternity, and in cold blood raise his weapon to take another's life, while he knows not, but that very instant may send him, with his guilt upon his head, into that eternity which his intentional (perhaps actual) crime has made so terrible.

But, says the duellist, shall I submit to an insult? shall I refuse a challenge? what would be the consequence? I should be called and treated as a coward; it would be said I had not sufficient courage to give my antagonist honourable satisfaction: what man can bear this? where is the man who would not prefer death, to life under the basest epithet? aye who would not indeed, if life alone was at stake, if "to be, or not to be" was the only question, but, remember there is another world; there is another tribunal, where human customs will not influence your just and unerring judge, where you will plead in vain, that you were obliged to fight or suffer disgrace; this argument is counterbalanced by another consideration, how many persons are doomed to suffer almost all the evils which afflict humanity, the privations of poverty, the pains of sickness, and the loss of friends and fortune, yet would these persons put an end to their existence, and plead in extenuation, that their miseries were greater than they could bear,—that they preferred death, to a life so fraught with woe; they would be thought rash and impious, to venture to fly thus in the face of Heaven, and commit a crime where death precludes repentance.

Another absurdity is this; if one who considers himself a gentleman,

injures one who is not considered such by the world; if from this person he receives a challenge; he does not in this case think himself bound to fight, because—he is not a gentleman; when even to judge by a bad rule, he has as just a right to demand satisfaction as any other person whatever. I shall now close these observations with a question: since the severest punishments have hitherto failed in the prevention of duelling,—would not a punishment of a disgraceful and ignominious kind, have more effect in putting a final end to this disgraceful and inhuman practice?—this, however I leave to the decision of legislators.

VALVERDI.

Philad. Feb. 28, 1804.



For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BI-
LOQUIST.

TIME tended, in no degree, to alleviate my dissatisfaction. It increased till the determination became at length formed of opening my thoughts to Ludloe. At the next breakfast interview which took place, I introduced the subject, and expatiated without reserve, on the state of my feelings. I concluded with intreating him to point out some path in which my talents might be rendered useful to himself or to mankind.

After a pause of some minutes, he said, What would you do? You forget the immaturity of your age. If you are qualified to act a part in the theatre of life, step forth; but you are not qualified. You want knowledge, and with this you ought previously to endow yourself.... Means, for this end, are within your reach. Why should you waste your time in idleness, and torment yourself with unprofitable wishes? Books are at hand....books from which most sciences and languages can be learned. Read, analyse, digest; collect facts, and investigate theo-

ries: ascertain the dictates of reason, and supply yourself with the inclination and the power to adhere to them. You will not, legally speaking, be a man in less than three years. Let this period be devoted to the acquisition of wisdom. Either stay here, or retire to an house I have on the banks of Killarney, where you will find all the conveniences of study.

I could not but reflect with wonder at this man's treatment of me. I could plead none of the rights of relationship; yet I enjoyed the privileges of a son. He had not imparted to me any scheme, by pursuit of which I might finally compensate him for the expense to which my maintainance and education would subject him. He gave me reason to hope for the continuance of his bounty. He talked and acted as if my fortune were totally disjoined from his; yet was I indebted to him for the morsel which sustained my life. Now it was proposed to withdraw myself to studious leisure, and romantic solitude. All my wants, personal and intellectual, were to be supplied gratuitously and copiously. No means were prescribed by which I might make compensation for all these benefits. In conferring them he seemed to be actuated by no view to his own ultimate advantage. He took no measures to secure my future services.

I suffered these thoughts to escape me, on this occasion, and observed that to make my application successful, or useful, it was necessary to pursue some end. I must look forward to some post which I might hereafter occupy beneficially to myself or others; and for which all the efforts of my mind should be bent to qualify myself.

These hints gave him visible pleasure; and now, for the first time, he deigned to advise me on this head. His scheme, however, was not suddenly produced. The way to it was circuitous and long. It was his business to make every new step appear to be suggested by my own reflections. His own ideas

were the seeming result of the moment, and sprung out of the last idea that was uttered. Being hastily taken up, they were, of course, liable to objection. These objections, sometimes occurring to me and sometimes to him, were admitted or contested with the utmost candour. One scheme went through numerous modifications before it was proved to be ineligible, or before it yielded place to a better. It was easy to perceive, that books alone were insufficient to impart knowledge: that man must be examined with our own eyes to make us acquainted with their nature: that ideas collected from observation and reading, must correct and illustrate each other: that the value of all principles, and their truth, lie in their practical effects. Hence, gradually arose, the usefulness of travelling, of inspecting the habits and manners of a nation, and investigating, on the spot, the causes of their happiness and misery. Finally, it was determined that Spain was more suitable than any other, to the views of a judicious traveller.

My language, habits, and religion were mentioned as obstacles to close and extensive views; but these difficulties successively and slowly vanished. Converse with books, and natives of Spain, a steadfast purpose and unwearied diligence would efface all differences between me and a Castilian with respect to speech. Personal habits, were changeable, by the same means. The bars to unbounded intercourse, rising from the religion of Spain being irreconcilably opposite to mine, cost us no little trouble to surmount, and here the skill of Ludloe was eminently displayed.

I had been accustomed to regard as unquestionable, the fallacy of the Romish faith. This persuasion was habitual and the child of prejudice, and was easily shaken by the artifices of this logician. I was first led to bestow a kind of assent on the doctrines of the Roman church; but my convictions were easily sub-

duced by a new species of argumentation, and, in a short time, I reverted to my ancient disbelief, so that, if an exterior conformity to the rights of Spain were requisite to the attainment of my purpose, that conformity must be dissembled.

My moral principles had hitherto been vague and unsettled. My circumstances had led me to the frequent practice of insincerity; but my transgressions as they were slight and transient, did not much excite my previous reflections, or subsequent remorse. My deviations, however, though rendered easy by habit, were by no means sanctioned by my principles. Now an imposture, more profound and deliberate, was projected; and I could not hope to perform well my part, unless steadfastly and thoroughly persuaded of its rectitude.

My friend was the eulogist of sincerity. He delighted to trace its influence on the happiness of mankind; and proved that nothing but the universal practice of this virtue was necessary to the perfection of human society. His doctrine was splendid and beautiful. To detect its imperfections was no easy task; to lay the foundations of virtue in utility, and to limit, by that scale, the operation of general principles; to see that the value of sincerity, like that of every other mode of action, consisted in its tendency to good, and that, therefore the obligation to speak truth was not paramount or intrinsical: that my duty is modelled on a knowledge and foresight of the conduct of others; and that, since men in their actual state, are infirm and deceitful, a just estimate of consequences may sometimes make dissimulation my duty were truths that did not speedily occur. The discovery, when made, appeared to be a joint work. I saw nothing in Ludlow but proofs of candour, and a judgment incapable of bias.

The means which this man employed to fit me for his purpose, perhaps owed their success to my youth and ignorance. I may have

given you exaggerated ideas of his dexterity and address. Of that I am unable to judge. Certain it is, that no time or reflection has abated my astonishment at the profoundness of his schemes, and the perseverance with which they were pursued by him. To detail their progress would expose me to the risk of being tedious, yet none but minute details would sufficiently display his patience and subtlety.

It will suffice to relate, that after a sufficient period of preparation and arrangements being made for maintaining a copious intercourse with Ludlow, I embarked for Barcelona. A restless curiosity and vigorous application have distinguished my character in every scene. Here was spacious field for the exercise of all my energies. I sought out a preceptor in my new religion. I entered into the hearts of priests and confessors, the *hidalgo* and the peasant, the monk and the prelate, the austere and voluptuous devotee were scrutinized in all their forms.

Man was the chief subject of my study, and the social sphere that in which I principally moved; but I was not inattentive to inanimate nature, nor unmindful of the past. If the scope of virtue were to maintain the body in health, and to furnish its highest enjoyments to every sense, to increase the number, and accuracy, and order of our intellectual stores, no virtue was ever more unblemished than mine. If to act upon our conceptions of right, and to acquit ourselves of all prejudice and selfishness in the formation of our principles, entitle us to the testimony of a good conscience, I might justly claim it.

I shall not pretend to ascertain my rank in the moral scale. Your notions of duty differ widely from mine. If a system of deceit, pursued merely from the love of truth; if voluptuousness, never gratified at the expense of health, may incur censure, I am censurable. This, indeed, was not the limit of my deviations. Deception was often

unnecessarily practised, and my biloquial faculty did not lie unemployed. What has happened to yourselves may enable you, in some degree, to judge of the scenes in which my mystical exploits engaged me. In none of them, indeed, were the effects equally disastrous, and they were, for the most part, the result of well digested projects.

To recount these would be an endless task. They were designed as mere specimens of power, to illustrate the influence of superstition: to give sceptics the consolation of certainty: to annihilate the scruples of a tender female, or facilitate my access to the bosoms of courtiers and monks.

The first achievement of this kind took place in the convent of the Escorial. For some time the hospitality of this brotherhood allowed me a cell in that magnificent and gloomy fabric. I was drawn hither chiefly by the treasures of Arabian literature, which are preserved here in the keeping of a learned Maronite, from Lebanon. Standing one evening on the steps of the great altar, this devout friar expatiated on the miraculous evidences of his religion; and, in a moment of enthusiasm, appealed to San Lorenzo, whose martyrdom was displayed before us. No sooner was the appeal made than the saint, obsequious to the summons, whispered his responses from the shrine, and commanded the heretic to tremble and believe. This event was reported to the convent. With whatever reluctance, I could not refuse my testimony to its truth, and its influence on my faith was clearly shewn in my subsequent conduct.

A lady of rank, in Seville, who had been guilty of many unauthorized indulgences, was, at last, awakened to remorse, by a voice from Heaven, which she imagined had commanded her to expiate her sins by an abstinence from all food for thirty days. Her friends found it impossible to outroot this persuasion, or to overcome her resolution even by force. I chanced to be one in a numerous company where she was present. This fatal

illusion was mentioned, and an opportunity afforded to the lady of defending her scheme. At a pause in the discourse, a voice was heard from the ceiling, which confirmed the truth of her tale; but, at the same time revoked the command, and, in consideration of her faith, pronounced her absolution. Satisfied with this proof, the auditors dismissed their unbelief, and the lady consented to eat.

In the course of a copious correspondence with Ludlow, the observations I had collected were given. A sentiment, which I can hardly describe, induced me to be silent on all adventures connected with my bivocal projects. On other topics, I wrote fully, and without restraint. I painted, in vivid hues, the scenes with which I was daily conversant, and pursued, fearlessly, every speculation on religion and government that occurred. This spirit was encouraged by Ludloe, who failed not to comment on my narrative, and multiply deductions from my principles.

He taught me to ascribe the evils that infest society to the errors of opinion. The absurd and unequal distribution of power and property gave birth to poverty and riches, and these were the sources of luxury and crimes. These positions were readily admitted; but the remedy for these ills, the means of rectifying these errors were not easily discovered. We have been inclined to impute them to inherent defects in the moral constitution of men: that oppression and tyranny grow up by a sort of natural necessity, and that they will perish only when the human species is extinct. Ludloe laboured to prove that this was, by no means, the case: that man is the creature of circumstances: that he is capable of endless improvement: that his progress has been stopped by the artificial impediment of government: that by the removal of this, the fondest dreams of imagination will be realized.

From detailing and accounting for the evils which exist under our present institutions, he usually proceed-

ed to delineate some scheme of Utopian felicity, where the empire of reason should supplant that of force: where justice should be universally understood and practised; where the interest of the whole and of the individual should be seen by all to be the same; where the public good should be the scope of all activity; where the tasks of all should be the same, and the means of subsistence equally distributed.

No one could contemplate his pictures without rapture. By their comprehensiveness and amplitude they filled the imagination. I was unwilling to believe that in no region of the world, or at no period could these ideas be realized. It was plain that the nations of Europe were tending to greater depravity, and would be the prey of perpetual vicissitude. All individual attempts at their reformation would be fruitless. He therefore who desired the diffusion of right principles, to make a just system be adopted by a whole community, must pursue some extraordinary method.

In this state of mind I recollected my native country, where a few colonists from Britain had sown the germe of populous and mighty empires. Attended, as they were, into their new abode, by all their prejudices, yet such had been the influence of new circumstances, of consulting for their own happiness, of adopting simple forms of government, and excluding nobles and kings from their system, that they enjoyed a degree of happiness far superior to their parent state.

To conquer the prejudices and change the habits of millions, are impossible. The human mind, exposed to social influences, inflexibly adheres to the direction that is given to it; but for the same reason why men, who begin in error will continue, those who commence in truth, may be expected to persist. Habit and example will operate with equal force in both instances.

Let a few, sufficiently enlightened and disinterested, take up their abode in some unvisited region. Let

their social scheme be founded in equity, and how small soever their original number may be, their growth into a nation is inevitable. Among other effects of national justice, was to be ranked the swift increase of numbers. Exempt from servile obligations and perverse habits, endowed with property, wisdom, and health, hundreds will expand, with inconceivable rapidity into thousands and thousands, into millions; and a new race, tutored in truth, may, in a few centuries, overflow the habitable world.

Such were the visions of youth! I could not banish them from my mind. I knew them to be crude; but believed that deliberation would bestow upon them solidity and shape. Meanwhile I imparted them to Ludloe.

(To be continued.)

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. V.

I took up lately Goldsmith's Traveller, the favourite of every philosophical and poetical reader. The most charming part of this poem is, to me, that which relates to Switzerland. When I came to this I could not forbear pausing at each line, and indulging, at leisure, the thoughts which the sentiment, epithet or image suggested: perhaps these spontaneous meditations may possess the merit of novelty at least to some of my readers. The subject is unhackneyed, while at the same time, few performances in the English language are more read and more commended.

The poet turns his moralizing vision from the country of ancient virtue and modern effeminacy,

To survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race
display;

our poet is extremely liberal of his epithets, but, contrary to custom his epithets are always eminent for force and beauty. They are never added merely to fill up a chasm and

complete the measure, but are most luminous additions to their substantives. Instead of overloading or enfeebling they adorn and dignify their subject.

Where the *bleak* Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a *churlish* soil for *scanty* beard.

How much harmony and splendour are there in this couplet? a whole description is comprised in the epithet *bleak*, as applied to the people, and the same figure is beautifully reversed in the application of *churlish* to the soil. Is there not some little incongruity in the phrase of *treading a mansion*?

No product here the *barren* hills afford
But man and steel: the soldier and the sword.

The word *barren* in the first line is an exception to Goldsmith's customary accuracy; it is here a redundancy, and is every where too trite, indistinct and general for poetry. The repetition in the second line is beautiful and energetic.

No vernal blooms their *torpid* rocks array,
But winter *lingering* chills the lap of May.

Torpid is another example of an epithet, truly happy and poetical: and indeed the four phrases of the *bleak* Swiss; *churlish* soil; of *torpid* rocks; and *lingering* winter; are delightful samples of the power characteristic of poetry, by which it animates the dead and impassions the insensible, in the concisest and most rapid, and consequently the most cogent manner. I have, however, tried in vain to form a distinct image from the last line: perhaps a reader of more taste may not object to that confusion that arises from winter, *lingering*, which is making winter a person, and at the same time, *chilling*, which it can only perform in its original and unpersonified capacity. The same mistake, if it be one, is committed by the poet who, in order to describe the same circumstance, tells us that the buds of spring are—nupt by the *lagging* rear of winter's frost, nei-

ther am I pleased with the phrase, *lap* of May.

No zephyr fondly sues the mountains breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

No reader of taste, can fail of being enraptured by the image contained in the first of these lines, and both are, in all the requisites of poetry, very near perfection.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,

Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all;

Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,

To shame the *meanness* of his *bumble* shed;

No *costly* lord the *sumptuous* banquet deal,

To make him loath his vegetable meal;

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,

Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,

Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;

With *patient* angle trolls the *finny* deep,
Or drives his *ven'trous* plowshare to the steep;

Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark the way,

And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down *the monarch of a shed*;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys

His children's looks, that *brighten at the blaze*;

While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,

Displays her cleanly platter on the board:

And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,

With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Among the resplendent beauties of this passage, there are two lines,

feeble and redundant. The *costly* lord with the *sumptuous* banquet, and the *meanness* of an *humble* shed: are both censurable, and in these respects, the pilgrim spoken of, is probably Goldsmith himself.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Few of my readers, I trust, will refuse to share my admiration of this passage. I am particularly struck with the *beauty* of the simile; nothing can be happier than the language and numbers in which it is conveyed. Some doubt, however, may by some fastidious critic, be expressed of the *propriety* of this comparison. Admitting that the mountaineer's attachment to his natal spot, is stronger than that of the tenant of the plain to the place of *his* nativity, which is a very questionable point, and even admitting that the peculiar features of a hilly country the tempest and the torrent, constitute this tie, they do not influence him as scaring sounds influence the child. The terror of these sounds makes the latter cling more closely to the mother's breast, but it is not the fear of the torrent and the whirlwind, that makes the Swiss cling closer to the mountain.

The poet thus proceeds to exhibit the influence of soil and climate, on the temper and manners of the Swiss.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd:
Yet let them only share the praises due....
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till bury'd in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinnions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

After pausing to admire the beauty of these lines, the mind gene-

rally passes on to inquire into the theory the poet designs to inculcate, the justness of the reasonings by which he supports it, and the fidelity of his pictures to nature.

The poet appears to think that, barren states, such as Swisserland, create few wants and few wishes: that their pleasures are proportionably few, since pleasure arises from supplying wants; that from such land, the sciences that excite and supply desire, depart. That they know not how to fill the intervals of sensual pleasure with *finer* joy. Not only their joys, but their morals it seems, are slow. Love and friendship and the gentler morals, absent themselves from such rugged and are only found in milder skies. In short that civilization, with its vices, makes greater progress in fertile soils and mild climates, than in the barren and cold, and that this different influence, is exemplified in Swisserland and France.

After thus stripping the poet's sentiments of the embellishments of poetry, they appear to be remarkably crude, injudicious and erroneous. It is universally agreed, that the Swiss possessed, while an independant nation, more genuine refinement, more knowledge, more liberty, more of the gentler virtues, more sensibility of heart and fancy than their neighbours. Swisserland is composed of plains and valleys as well as hills, and as the manners of the nation are the same, or essentially the same in all its districts; it is impossible to prove that

certain sort of temper or manners is connected with particular soils or *phazes* of the country.

A barren soil will maintain fewer people than a fertile one, but the number of people that actually live upon it, and the degree of affluence and ease and refinement they enjoy, depend on other circumstances; on their religion, government, laws, their facility of commercial intercourse and their arts. The numbers which derive their subsistence from any soil, are proportioned to the quantity of product. The barren affords as plentiful a subsistence to a few, as the fertile does to many, the portion of each one, being the same, and as easily obtained in both cases. From the most fruitful soil, the bad cultivation of some nations, draws a less quantity of food, than the good cultivation of other nations draws from the sterile. The country too barren and irregular for tillage, is devoted to pasture and the shepherd's life, being easier than the tillers, ought, in itself considered, to be more favourable for improvement of the taste and sensibility, and accordingly the Swiss mountaineers possess more intellectual and moral pleasures than the husbandmen of Piedmont and Flanders.

What pity is it, that every poet is not a philosopher, that he, who is most capable of adorning and enforcing truth, does not most clearly discern it. No less a pity is it, that every philosopher is not a poet; that he who reasons in the soundest manner, does not speak or write in the most engaging stile.

REVEIW.

A brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, first part; containing a Sketch of the Revolution and Improvements in Science, Arts, and Literature, during that

period....by Samuel Millar, A.M. &c. &c.

New-York, Swords, 1803, 2 vol. 8v.

THE origin and history of this work are detailed by the author in

his preface with a degree of modesty sufficient to apologize for defects much more glaring and important than are to be found in it. So great a plan as the author has adopted might well impress an ingenuous mind with some degree of timidity and diffidence. To give concise views of the state of every branch of human knowledge, during so busy and enlightened an age as the last, in all the cultivated nations of mankind is one of the most arduous undertakings imaginable. It has been executed, however, by the present writer, with a degree of judgment and skill that has seldom been exceeded. Mistakes and omissions will, of course, be discovered in each department by adepts in that particular pursuit; but these bear a very small proportion to the whole, and our admiration is much more excited by the degree of accuracy with which it is executed than our taste is offended by its occasional errors.

The author has arranged the whole mass of human knowledge under four divisions; the first of which is only discussed in the volumes before us, and is comprehended under the general denomination of science, arts and literature. The rest, we are informed the writer does not propose to prosecute at present, being intimidated by the magnitude of his theme.

The following subjects occupy this portion of his work in the order in which they stand: mechanics, chemistry, natural history, medicine, geography, mathematics, navigation, agriculture, the mechanic arts, the fine arts, physiognomy, philosophy of the human mind, classical learning, oriental learning, modern languages, philosophy of language, history, biography, romances, novels, poetry, literary and political journals, literary societies, encyclopædies, education, nations lately become literary. These are introduced and closed by some general observations, and are distributed into those sub-divisions, of which they are naturally susceptible.

One of the most remarkable improvements of the recent century is the practice of reducing the whole body of human knowledge into a comprehensive and systematic order. General views of the origin, progress, and present state of each science have often been given, and these have been frequently digested into a natural or alphabetical method or series. The present work must be considered as a general history of this kind, limited by the boundaries of the eighteenth century. In the execution of this work, the writer has no doubt been chiefly indebted to other compilations, on a narrower or larger scale, and his judgment has been principally exercised in selecting and condensing the matter thus supplied. It cannot be denied that he has manifested great knowledge and industry, in the performance of his task, and evinces, in some instances, an independent judgment and original inquiries.

This work, as might naturally be expected, is executed in an unequal manner. The various departments of physics and mathematics, evince a more careful and intelligent hand than the sections which belong to topics of mere taste and fancy. On many subjects the writer may claim no inconsiderable praise, and on those on which he probably was but little informed, and was, consequently obliged to rely on the judgment of others; the pleas contained in his preface will obtain from every candid reader, a large share of allowance and excuse.

It will not be expected that we should enter into an analysis of a work in its own nature so summary and systematic, or into a laborious detail of its merits or its imperfections. It will suffice to observe, that every reader will obtain from this work, a great body of curious and valuable information, delivered in a very luminous method, and couched in a style remarkable for simplicity and perspicuity. While he reads with no view, perhaps, but to gain an historical acquaintance with the

age that is passed, he will find himself initiated in an agreeable and easy manner, into the general precepts of many sciences, and into the lives and characters of many eminent men.

We should be glad to extract as a specimen, the author's "recapitulation," but it is somewhat too long for our limits. The following statement of our own literary situation, as a people, shall content us. After detailing the state of science and literature in their various branches, in North-America, Mr. M. proceeds in the following manner:

"It must, however, after all, be acknowledged, that what is called a liberal education in the United States, is, in common, less accurate and complete; the erudition of our native citizens, with some exceptions, less extensive and profound; and the works published by American authors, in general, less learned, instructive, and elegant,* than are found in Great-Britain, and some of the more enlightened nations on the eastern continent. These facts, it is apprehended, arise not from any deficiency of talents in our country, nor from any inaptitude in its soil or atmosphere to promote the growth of genius; but from one or another, and, in some cases, from a combination of the following causes.

"1. Defective plans and means of instruction in our Seminaries of Learning.....The great majority of our colleges have very inadequate funds. The consequence is, that in most of them the professors are few in number, and have assigned to them too large a field of instruction.

* It is not meant to be denied that a few of the works published in America are as profound and instructive as any on similar subjects published elsewhere. It is simply intended to give a general character of American publications, liable to such exceptions as the mind of the well-informed reader will readily supply.

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Hence they can convey but very superficial knowledge of the various branches which it is made their duty to teach, and if well qualified themselves, which is far from being always the case, find it impossible to do justice to the pupils. In some instances, also, the trustees or governors of American colleges, either from their own ignorance, or in compliance with popular prejudice, have so contracted the time requisite for completing a course of instruction, as to render it necessary wholly to dispense with, or lightly to hurry over, some of the most important branches of knowledge.... Accordingly, in some of these institutions, mathematical science is unpopular, and the acquisition of as little as possible especially of the higher branches of it, enjoined on the student. In others, classic literature, and especially the Greek language,* is in low estimation, and not more studied than is indispensably necessary to obtaining a diploma. If well bred scholars ever issue from such seminaries, they must be formed by a degree of private and individual application rarely to be met with in youth.

2. Want of Leisure. The comparatively equal distribution of property in America, while it produces the most benign political and moral effects, is by no means friendly to great acquisitions in literature and science. In such a state of society, there can be few persons of leisure. It is necessary that almost all should be engaged in some active pursuit. Accordingly, in the United States, the greater number of those who pass through a course of what is called liberal education, in the hurried manner which has been mentioned, engage immediately after leaving college, in the study or business to which they propose to devote them-

* In some American colleges, we are told that no more knowledge of Greek is required in those who graduate Bachelor of Arts, than that which may be derived from the grammar and the Greek testament.

selves. Having run over the preliminary steps of instruction in this business, probably in a manner no less hurried and superficial than their academic studies, they instantly commence its practical pursuit; and are, perhaps, during the remainder of life, consigned to a daily toil for support, which precludes them from reading, and especially from gaining much knowledge out of their particular profession. Such is the career of ninety-nine out of an hundred of those in our country who belong to the learned professions. When the alternative either lies, or is supposed to lie between erudition and poverty, or comfortable affluence and moderate learning, it is not difficult to conjecture which side will be chosen; nor is it surprising that, in such a state of things, there should be less profound erudition, less elegant accomplishment in literature, than where a considerable number enjoy all the advantages of exemption from laborious duties, and all the accommodations of opulent leisure.

To this circumstance may be ascribed the superficial and unpolished character of many of our native publications. All that their authors, in many cases, want, to render them more replete with instruction, more attractive in manner and, of course, more worthy of public approbation, is leisure. But able only to redeem a few hasty hours for literary pursuits, from the employment which gave them bread they must necessarily, if they publish at all, send forth productions, from time to time, bearing all the marks of haste and immature reflection.

"3. Want of Encouragement to Learning....Men cannot be expected to labour without the hope of some adequate reward. Genius must be nourished by patronage, as well as strengthened by culture. Where substantial emoluments may be derived from literary exertion, there, and there alone, will it be frequently undertaken to any considerable extent. Hence, in those countries where genius and learning are best

rewarded, there they are ever found to be most cultivated. In the United States, the rewards of literature are small and uncertain. The people cannot afford to remunerate eminent talents or great acquirements.... Booksellers, the great patrons of learning in modern times, are in America, too poor to foster and rewards the efforts of genius. There are no rich Fellowships in our universities to excite the ambition of students; no large ecclesiastical benefices to animate the exertions of literary divines.* Academic chairs are usually connected with such small salaries, that they present little temptation to the scholar; and, finally, the state offers very inconsiderable motives for the acquisition of knowledge, and the exertion of talents. Its rewards are small, and its favour capricious. Can it be wondered, then, that those who have some acquaintance with books, and hold important stations, are more anxious to secure pecuniary advantages, and to place themselves in a situation independent of popular favour, than to make advances in literature, or to do honour to their country by the display of intellectual pre-eminence?

Besides, the spirit of our people is commercial. It has been said, and perhaps with some justice, that the love of gain peculiarly characterizes the inhabitants of the United States. The tendency of this spirit to discourage literature is obvious. In such a state of society, men will not only be apt to bend their whole attention to the acquirement of pro-

* The author would by no means be understood to express an opinion, that such immoderately lucrative places, either in church or in state, are, on the whole, useful, or desirable. He is persuaded that they are much more productive of mischief than of advantage. But that they often excite literary ambition, and afford, in many instances, convenient and useful leisure to literary characters, will scarcely be questioned by those who have paid any attention to the subject.

erty, and neglect the cultivation of their minds as an affair of secondary moment; but letters and science will seldom be found in high estimation; the amount of wealth will be the principal test of influence; the learned will experience but little reward either of honour or emolument; and, of course, superficial education will be the prevailing character.

Nor is it of less importance here to recollect, that the nature of our connection with Great-Britain has operated, and continues to operate unfavorably to the progress of American literature. Long accustomed to a state of colonial dependence on that enlightened and cultivated nation, we have also been accustomed to derive from her the supplies for our literary wants. And still connected with her by the ties of language, manners, taste, and commercial intercourse, her literature, science and arts may be considered as ours. Being able, therefore, with so much ease, to reap the fruits of her fields, we have not sufficient inducement to cultivate our own. And even when an excellent production of the American soil is offered to the public, it is generally undervalued and neglected. A large portion of our citizens seem to entertain the idea, that nothing worthy of patronage can be produced on this side of the Atlantic. Instead of being prompted to a more liberal encouragement of genius because it is American, their prejudices, on this account, are rather excited against it.*

* The writer in the *Monthly Magazine*, whose strictures on American literature were before mentioned, represents the inhabitants of the United States as having strong prejudices in favour of their own productions, and ridicules them for preferring American publications to all others. In this, as well as in most of his assertions, he discovers profound ignorance of the subject. The fact is directly the reverse. Americans are too apt to join with ignorant or fastidious foreigners, in undervaluing and decrying our domestic literature; and this circum-

“ 4. Want of Books.... In the capital cities of Europe, the votary of literature is surrounded with immense libraries, to which he may easily obtain access; and even in many of the smaller towns, books on any subject, and to almost any number, may be easily obtained. It is otherwise in America. Here the student, in addition to all the other obstacles which lie in his way, has often to spend as much time and thought to obtain a particular book, as the reading it ten times would cost. Our public libraries are few, and, compared with those of Europe, small. Nor is this defect supplied by large private collections; these are also rare. And to render the evil still more grievous, the number of literary and enterprising booksellers is yet smaller. It is only within two or three years that we have begun to receive, with any kind of regularity or promptitude, the best British works as they issue from the press.

“ Such are some of the causes which have hitherto impeded the progress of American literature. Their influence, however, is gradually declining, and the literary prospects of our country are brightening every day. Letters and science are becoming more important in the public estimation. The number of learned men is becoming rapidly greater. The plans and means of instruction in our seminaries of learning, though by no means improving in all respects, are, in some, receiving constant melioration. The emulation of founding and sustaining a national character in science and learning begins to be more generally felt, and, from time to time, will doubtless be augmented. A larger proportion of the growing wealth of our country will hereafter be devoted to the improvements of knowledge, and especially to the

stance is one of the numerous obstacles which have operated to discourage literary exertions on this side of the Atlantic, and to impede our literary progress.

furtherance of all the means by which scientific discoveries are brought within popular reach, and rendered subservient to practical utility. American publications are every day growing more numerous, and rising in respectability of character. Public and private libraries are becoming more numerous and extensive. The taste in composition among our writers is making very sensible progress in correctness and refinement. American authors of merit meet with

more liberal encouragement; and when the time shall arrive that we can give to our votaries of literature the same leisure, and the same stimulants to exertion with which they are favoured in Europe, it may be confidently predicted, that letters will flourish as much in America as in any part of the world; and that we shall be able to make some return to our transatlantic brethren, for the rich stores of useful knowledge which they have been pouring upon us for nearly two centuries.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

YOUTH... No. I.

SCENES of my youth! O'how shall I
describe,
Your varying charms! In what gay
hues,
In what transporting attitudes of life
Shall I pourtray your transitory forms?
The images of time forever gone,
Rush on my mind, and to the me-
mory's eye
Flutter, and move in countless mazy
rounds.
The child of sunshine happy with a
toy,
The sportful cunning, and mischie-
vous boy,
The school-boy whistling o'er the
summer-fields,
Rise to delight my retrospective view:
But soon is clos'd their thoughtless
wild career;
The roll of years, the rushing course
of time
Stay not for man: But dissolution's
wheels
Move onward with a wing'd impetu-
ous speed,
Bearing the world and all the race of
men.
The child that breathes its prattle in
the air,
Youth full of vigour, manhood and
old age,
Tread on this earth with an uncertain
step,
And cannot call a day or hour their
own:
Behind them all, death takes his un-
seen stand

And launches his unerring shaft: No
power
On earth can stay its flight, or shield
The human mark, at which the ar-
cher aim'd.

Mark the gay youth, just starting
in the world,
The Syren's music sounding in his
ear,
Delusions beckon him on every side,
And lead his steps astray: tempta-
tions press,
And like the beating flood vex'd by
the wind,
Threaten the ruin of his soaring mind,
His eye on fire drinks up the streams
of day,
His panting bosom quaffs the balmy
air,
And on the billows of tumultuous joy
His soul is toss'd. He looks with
brow exulting
On the dark years of onward rolling
time,
And eaggerrushes headlong in his race.
Thus the bold courser pampers'd in the
stall,
When first he presses with his hoof
the plain
And snuffs the air; with a shrill pier-
cing neigh
His joy bespeaks, and over-leaping
walls
Darts like an arrow from the hunter's
bow,
Tramples the ground with thundering
feet, and flings
On the rude winds the glory of his
mane.

The mind of youth is prone to be seduc'd,
 On it impression easily is made:
 It like the wax yields to the figur'd seal,
 And bears the image which has been enstamp'd.
 Youth is a reed which waves beneath the breath
 Of kissing zephyr; or which hangs its head
 Beneath the weight of falling dews of morn.
 The rous'd up passions hear the tempter's call,
 Too apt to scorn the rein of all restraint
 They lend to artful tales a willing ear,
 And leave for fancy's paths, the ways of truth.
 Youth turns his eyes from sorrow's lonely haunts,
 To scenes of pleasures and of noisy mirth;
 He joins with ardour in the world's gay song,
 And kindles into rapture at the voice
 Of praise, of honour and of loud applause.

I. O.

SELECTED.

FROM THE POSTHUMUR POEMS OF COWPER.

A TALE.

IN Scotland's realm, where trees are few,
 Nor even shrubs abound;
 But where, however bleak the view,
 Some better things are found;
 For husband there, and wife may boast
 Their union undefil'd;
 And false ones are as rare almost,
 As hedge-rows in the wild:
 In Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,
 This hist'ry chanc'd of late....
 This hist'ry of a wedded pair,
 A Chaffinch and his Mate.
 The spring drew near, each felt a breast
 With genial instinct fill'd;
 They pair'd, and only wish'd a nest,
 But found not where to build.

The heaths uncover'd, and the moors,
 Except with snow and sleet;
 Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores,
 Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding place they sought,
 Till both grew vex'd and tir'd;
 At length a ship arriving, brought
 The good so long desir'd.

A ship!....Could such a restless thing,
 Afford them place to rest?
 Or was the merchant charg'd to bring
 The homeless birds a nest?

Hush!....Silent hearers profit most!....
 This racer of the sea
 Prov'd kinder to them than the coast,
 It sery'd them with a tree.

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,
 The tree they call'd a mast;
 And had a hollow with a wheel,
 Thro' which the tackle pass'd.

Within the cavity aloft
 Their roofless home they fixt;
 Form'd with materials neat and soft,
 Bents, wool, and feathers mixt.

Four iv'ry eggs soon pave its floor,
 With russet specks bedight:....
 The vessel weighs.....forsakes the shore,
 And lessens to the sight.

The mother bird is gone to sea,
 As she had chang'd her kind;
 But goes the mate? Far wiser he
 Is doubtless left behind.

No!....Soon as from ashore he saw
 The winged mansion move;
 He flew to reach it, by a law
 Of never-failing love!

Then perching at his consort's side,
 Was briskly borne along;
 The billows and the blasts defied,
 And cheer'd her with a song.

The seaman with sincere delight
 His feather'd shipmate eyes,
 Scarce less exulting in the sight,
 Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
 And from a chance so new,
 Each some approaching good divines,
 And may his hopes be true!

Hail! honour'd land! a desert, where
Not even birds can hide;
Yet parent of this loving pair,
Whom nothing could divide.

And ye, who rather than resign
Your matrimonial plan;
Were not afraid to plough the brine,
In company with a man.

To whose lean country, much disdain
We English often show;
Yet from a richer, nothing gain
But wantonness and wo.

Be it your fortune, year by year,
The same resource to prove;
And may ye, sometimes landing here,
Instruct us how to love!

TO HEALTH.

ELDEST-born of pow'r's divine!
Blest Hygeia! be it mine
To enjoy what thou canst give,
And henceforth with thee to live.
For in pow'r if pleasure be,
Wealth, or num'rous progeny,
Or in amorous embrace,
Where no spy infests the place;
Or in ought that Heav'n bestows
To alleviate human woes,
When the wearied heart despairs,
Of a respite from its cares;
These and ev'ry true delight
Flourish only in thy sight.
And the sister Graces Three
Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,
Without whom we may possess
Much, but never, happiness.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY songster! perch'd above
On the summit of the grove,
Whom a dew-drop cheers to sing
With the freedom of a king.
From thy perch, survey the fields,
Where prolific nature yields
Naught that willingly as she,
Man surrenders not to thee.

For hostility or hate
None thy pleasures can create.
Thee it satisfies to sing,
Sweetly, the return of Spring,
Herald of the genial hours,
Harming neither herbs nor flow'rs.
Therefore man thy voice attends
Gladly....Thou and he are friends;
Nor thy never ceasing strains
Phœbus or the Muse disdains
As too simple or too long,
For themselves inspire the song.
Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
Ever singing, sporting, playing,
What has nature else to show,
Godlike in its kind as thou?

AN ÆNIGMA.

A NEEDLE small, as small can be,
In bulk and use, surpasses me,
Nor is my purchase dear;
For little, and almost for naught
As many of my kind are bought
As days are in a year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
And are procur'd at little cost,
The labour is not light,
Nor few artificers it asks,
All skilful in their sev'ral tasks,
To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
A second draws it into wire,
The sheers another plies,
Who clips in lengths the brazen thread
For him, who, chafing every shred,
Gives all an equal size.

A fifth repares, exact and round,
The knob, with which it must be
crown'd,
His follow'r makes it fast,
And with his mallet and his file
To shape the point, employs a while
The seventh, and the last.

Now therefore, Oedipus! declare
What creature wonderful and rare,
A process, that obtains
Its purpose with so much ado,
At last produces!....Tell me true,
And take me for your pains!

SELECTIONS.

CHOCOLATE.

THE goodness of chocolate depends first, upon the quality of the cocoa. Of this there are three principal species: caracas, quayaquil, and that from the islands of St. Domingo, Martinique, Curraçoa, &c. The caracas is extremely dear, even in time of peace; and in the best years the pound is never sold for less than three francs. To make the chocolate the caracas is mixed with the quayaquil; two parts of the caracas and one of the quayaquil, make the first kind; two parts of the quayaquil, and one of the cocoa of the islands, make the second....and the simple cocoa of the islands, the third.

The goodness of chocolate depends, in the second place, on the care with which it is ground and roasted, on the proper proportion of the cocoa, the sugar, and the different aromatics, which enter into its composition, and on the attention with which it is worked to procure a better or worse mixture of the ingredients.

The characteristics of a good, unadulterated chocolate, are the following; a deep fresh colour; a fine, close, shining grain; small white streaks; an aromatic odour; a facility of dissolving in the mouth, with a sensation of freshness, to produce no appearance of glue in cooling, and to shew an oily cream on the top.

The general marks of a bad, adulterated chocolate, are; a black, pitchy colour; an insipid taste of syrup; a farinaceous, unequal, and coarse grain; a burnt smell while boiling; and lastly, a glutinous humidity, an aqueous solution, a gross and muddy sediment.

Chocolate is adulterated in several ways; first, by an unequal mixture of the different kinds of cocoa: for example, when a fourth of caracas, a fourth of quayaquil, and a half of cocoa of the islands, is sold for the

first kind, which ought to be composed of two-thirds of caracas and one of quayaquil; but the fairest manufacturers of chocolate find themselves compelled to adopt this means of adulteration whenever the price of good cocoa rises considerably, and the public will not pay more than the ordinary prices.

The noxious and blameable adulterations are the following: to express the cocoa oil, in order to sell its butter to the apothecaries and surgeons; then to substitute the grease of animals, to roast the cocoa to excess in order to destroy this foreign taste, to mix it with rice, meal, potatoes, honey, syrup, &c. A pound of caracas chocolate, costing here nearly three livres, you may easily conceive what must be the nature of that kind of preparation in most places of Europe. Besides, chocolate ought to be boiled in a particular manner, to possess all its power and flavour. The rule is, to take a cup of water to two ounces of chocolate. It is allowed to dissolve gently on the fire, and poured out as soon as it begins to rise. It is then made to boil again for a few minutes in the cup on hot coals.

ACCOUNT OF THE MASSACRE OF
ST. BARTHOLOMEW, IN 1752.

All the necessary orders being given, the murderers, at the dead hour of midnight, took the stations assigned them; and the files of soldiers drawn up in the different streets and cross-ways, only waited for the expected signal to fall with fury on the protestants.

As the fatal hour drew nigh, Charles is said to have been goaded by the stings of remorse, and to have betrayed such fear and irresolution, that all the art of his mother was requisite to extort from him an order

to the assassins to begin their dreadful business. "Shall the occasion," said the blasphemous Catharine, "that God presents, of avenging the obdurate enemies of your authority, be suffered to escape through your want of courage? How much better is it to tear in pieces those corrupt members, than to rankle the bosom of the church, the spouse of our Lord?" This impious exhortation expelled from his bosom every sentiment of humanity, and, with eyes glaring with rage, he thus pronounced the horrid mandate.... "Go on then, and let none remain to reproach me with the deed." Having thus obtained her aim, Catharine anticipated the fixed hour of the signal, which was given by ringing the bell of the church of Saint German de L'Auxerrois.

The duke of Guise immediately issued forth, with a select party, to perpetrate the murder of the admiral, and meeting some protestants in the streets, who had been alarmed by the sound of the bell, a firing of pistols ensued, which being heard in the palace, Charles's terror and irresolution returned, and a message was dispatched by Catharine to countermand the duke of Guise, which she well knew would arrive too late, and be totally disregarded. Already had that princely assassin beset the admiral's lodgings, the gate of which being shut and guarded, would have required some time to force open; but Cosseins having demanded admittance in the king's name, La Bonne, who kept the keys, having no suspicion of what was going forward, admitted him, and was instantly stabbed. Some of the king of Navarre's Swiss soldiers flew to the inner gate, and endeavoured to barricade it. The noise awakened the admiral, who, unused to apprehension, believed it to be only some riot of the populace, which the guard would soon quell. But the clamour increasing, and several shots being fired in the court, he rose from his bed, and covered himself with his night-gown, when he was soon convinced, by his attendants, who hur-

ried to his chamber, that the worst was to be feared. Being few in number, and most of them only domestics, their pale looks and trembling gestures denounced the immediate fate they expected..... "This instant," exclaimed one of them, "God calls us to meet death." "It is enough," said Coligna, "that I know it." He leaned for some moments against the wall, while the minister Merlin prayed. Then, with a countenance undismayed, "Away," said he, "my friends, save yourselves if possible: now I have no need of your help; to that of God I have commended my soul. But let not your unprofitable stay be mourned by your wives and children, as a sad infelicity, occasioned by your attendance upon my exit." All but two of them, whose fidelity to their master rose superior to the fear of death, fled into the upper rooms of the house. In a few minutes the door was burst open, and a group of seven armed ruffians entered the apartment." Besme, a German, stepped before the rest, and flourished his sword, "Art thou Coligni?".... "I am," replied the admiral, with a steady voice, and firm countenance.... "and you, young soldier, ought to respect my grey hairs. But, come on," said he to Besme, "do what thou wilt, thou canst shorten my life but little." At that instant he received the villain's sword in his breast, which rather courted than shunned the blow, and a repetition of stabs soon deprived him of life, which he yielded up without uttering a groan. The assassins themselves were stricken with the invincible intrepidity of his spirit; and one of them, whose name was Attin, declared, that never had a man been seen to brave such a death, with so much magnanimity. His body was thrown from the window into the court-yard, where the duke of Guise waited to enjoy his dastardly triumph. Having wiped the blood from the face, he exclaimed, in a tone of exultation, "We have begun well, my friends, let us proceed to complete the rest with courage; it

is the king's command, we obey." Immediately the alarm bell of the palace was rung, and the populace were roused to spread the massacre. The admiral's body being found by these Parisian blood-hounds, it was maimed, gored, and dragged through the kennels, and, after serving at intervals as the pastime of their fury, for two days was suspended on the gibbet of Montfaucon. But neither the inhuman massacre of Coligni, nor the horrid indignities committed on his corpse, have, says Le Gendre, effected the smallest diminution of his fame, or tarnished in the least the merit of a character, illustrious for those qualities and virtues, which have formed the heroes and the patriots of all nations. The body of Coligni, half consumed with fire, was, under favour of the night, conveyed to the vault of the Montmorencies at Chantilly, and from thence transferred to the family vault at Chantillon.

The massacre continued, with unrelenting fury, among the protestant chiefs, who were assaulted by the assassins, when destitute of all means of defence, and were inhumanely butchered by a dastardly crew who had often fled before them in the field. The count de Rochefoucauld had passed the early part of the night with the king at the Louvre, where the pleasant sallies of his wit, and facetious humour had entertained the courtier, and disposed Charles to save him. Believing when the chief of the assassins knocked at the door, and said he had a message to deliver from the king, that it was some frolic intended by his majesty, he opened it, and spoke in a humorous strain to those who answered him by drawing their poniards, and plunging them into his bosom. Teligni, unsuspecting to the last, endeavoured now to escape over the roofs of the houses; but being discovered, he was dragged down, when the sweet engaging form which nature had given him, made a momentary impression on the assassins, who stood, with looks

of suspense, before they gave the fatal blow. At the same time perished the counts of Revel and Quellenec, with the barons de Lavardin, Boaudisner, and Pluviant, and others of distinguished valour, driven through the streets by the duke of Anjou's guards, and massacred in the view of the windows of the Louvre.

The king of Navarre and the prince of Conde were awakened, about two hours before day-break, by a band of soldiers, who rushed into their chamber in the palace, and insolently commanded them to dress themselves, and attend the king, unarmed. They were, by Gatharine's orders, led through vaults and dark passages, lined with troops, who shook their spears at them as they passed along. In the meantime, the cries from without were dismal and terrifying; while all that party of their friends and followers, who were invited to take their abode in the Louvre, were precipitated from the windows, or dragged forth in crowds to be assassinated in the court-yards. Here, Saint Martin, Pardaillan, Beauvois, and the gallant Piles, with many others, suffered death; while the indignant expressions of the last, as he cast a look on his murdered companions, were thus uttered aloud. "Are these the testimonies of the king's face; of the peace he hath sworn; and of all the gracious promises he hath made? But the Almighty God will revenge such monstrous perfidy." Leiran, besmeared with blood and desperately wounded, found his way into the queen of Navarre's chamber, and threw himself upon the bed of that princess, who ran forth screaming, and met with such objects in her way, as made her fall into fits, from which she was with difficulty recovered, and conducted by Nansey, captain of the guards, into the apartment of the duchess of Lorraine. Her husband, and the prince of Conde, after whom she inquired with great eagerness, had been introduced into the king's chamber; when they

were thus addressed by Charles, in a tone and accent fierce and imperious....“To-day, I revenge myself of my enemies, and such I may justly reckon you to be, who have supported them by the authority of your names, and your presence among them. Nothing but a respect to my blood deters me from inflicting the same punishment on you. But this regard hath its conditions. When I pardon your past conduct I require and insist upon your immediate renunciation of that impious faith which contradicts mine, and taught you to affront heaven, and insult my authority.” The king of Navarre’s answer was given in a low and embarrassed voice, but in terms that promised submission. But the prince of Conde boldly testified his discontent at the indecent violence used with them; complained of the breach of honour in this treatment; and declared, that his fear of death was not so great as to render him an apostate from his religion. Charles, provoked by his resistance, called him obstinate, seditious, a rebel, and the son of a rebel; and threatened that he should suffer the death of a traitor, if, in three days, he did not yield obedience. “Remember,” said the merciless tyrant, “it is Mass, Death, or Bastile.” Upon the apparent compliance of the king of Navarre, Charles granted him the lives of the count de Grammont, de Duras, and Bouchavannes; and a few others were saved at the earnest application of his sister of Navarre.

In a former part of our history we have shewn of what horrid acts of barbarity the Parisians, when instigated by hatred, bigotry, malice, or revenge, could be guilty. Their present rage and ferocity had nothing human in them. Wherever their ruffian bands were led by the municipal officers, their track was marked by violence, bloodshed and brutality: neither age nor sex was spared: pregnant women and helpless infants were alike sacrificed to their barbarous fury. Brion, the venerable preceptor of the prince of Conti,

was murdered, while clasped in the arms of his infant pupil: Francis Nonpar de Gaumont was massacred in his bed between his two sons, one of whom was stabbed by his side, but the other, concealing himself under the bodies of his father and brother, fortunately escaped. Brissonet, niece to the bishop of Meaux, a woman of exemplary manners, projected an escape from the city in disguise, with her young daughter in her hand, and followed by Epina, the minister, in the habit of a domestic; but being discovered in the attempt, and refusing to abjure her religion, she was stabbed with iron rods, and thrown half dead into the river, where, floating on the surface, the watermen pursued her as their pray, and put her to a slow and lingering death.

Upon the first noise of the tumult, a report was carried to that party of the protestant chiefs, who, by the advice of the Vidame of Chartres, had fixed their quarters in the suburbs of Saint Germain, that the populace had taken up arms. The sound of the bells, and the shouts of the mob confirmed the intelligence. Anxious and doubtful what might be the ground of the insurrection, they continued long in suspense, and from some persuasion that it was promoted by the Guises, against the will of the king, they were on the point of passing the river, in order to venture their lives in supporting his authority and defending their friends. The morning light, however, soon dispelled their error, and shewed them the river covered with boats full of soldiers coming to attack them, and Charles himself from the windows of the Louvre, firing his carabine upon some wretched fugitives; and scarce did time and astonishment permit them to escape with precipitation from their blood-thirsty pursuers.

For three days the massacre was continued with unabated fury: it is certain that the populace would have readily proceeded to the destruction of those who were said to favour the Hugonots, as well as of the

Hugonots themselves; and that the queen-mother might have consummated her diabolical scheme, by instigating them to assault the Montmorencies, as friendly to the admiral; but intimidated from proceeding so far, on account of the absence of the Mareschel Montmorenci, and other obvious reasons, she allowed the popular outrage to take its course. From the dread of it many Catholics were obliged to be on their guard; and de Biron, who commanded in the arsenal, ordered two culverins to be placed at the gate, and put himself in the posture of defence.

After various instances of violence and slaughter committed upon the Catholics, and when the carnage became noisome, an order was published by the king, requiring all the citizens to retire to their houses, and not to stir from them under pain of death. What remained still to be executed was intended to be performed by a more regular process of the king's guards through the city. But the sanguinary rage of a ferocious people was more easily excited than restrained; and the violence and plunder on the second day, nearly equalling those of the first, it only subsided by degrees. The destruction of above six thousand protestants, of which five hundred were nobility, may be reckoned the fatal issue of this dreadful massacre, which was called, by some, The Parisian Matins, as the massacre in Sicily, in 1281, had been denominated The Sicilian Vespers.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF
MR. COOPER, THE TRAGEDI-
AN.

IN America, where business is every one's occupation, but few remarkable characters have appearedand scarcely a biographer has been found to distinguish those few before the world. However congenial the mystery of money-making may be with a cheerful evenness of

temper, it is certainly inimical to genius; and were the opulent loungeer would foster, the man of trade frowns on the efforts of imaginationour luxuries are exotic, our entertainments imported, our public spectacles more or less excellent as they approach the European models of which they are the distant imitations. The barrenness of our literary domain is not therefore to be wondered at; nor where the soil, though so rank has hitherto been so uncultivated, should it surprise, that when a native plant has sprung up, its virtues have not been recorded, or when a foreign one transplanted here, has thriven, though its qualities may have been used or enjoyed, they have not been sufficiently made known, or justly appreciated. The writer of the following memoir, is among the earliest in this country to attempt the delineation of a living character, and the subjects of one of the most eminent of those whose walks of life have not been political, that have presented themselves to the biographer. The undertaking is made with that diffidence, which respect for the world's voice, and the magnitude of a biographical attempt inspire: the writer's motto is *Neminen libenter nominem, nisi ut laudem; sed nec peccata reprehenderum, nisi ut aliis prodessem.*

Mr. Thomas Abthorp Cooper was born in 1777, of reputable parents: his father was a surgeon, and acquired considerable property in the East, under Warran Hasting's Indian administration....but of the greater part, if not all of this, the widow and children were at his death, defrauded and left destitute. When nine years old, Cooper was taken out of friendship to his family, and in some sort adopted by Mr. Godwin, the well known author of the Essay on Political Justice, by whom he was educated and intended for a writer. He is probably one of a very few, who have been apprenticed to authorship; and as it is impossible to determine the bent and much more so the soundness and strength of a mind so young, it

is somewhat remarkable that a man of Godwin's understanding should train a boy to write books, before it was certain he could ever be induced to read them....What Mr. Godwin's particular method of education was, we do not know; and though when his opinions are adverted to, it should seem it was not a system of restraint, yet when Cooper's readiness on most subjects is considered with his negligent habits for some years past, a belief cannot be impressed, but that the foundation laid, was, of its kind, a good one. He went through a regular course of the Greek and Latin classics, and was also instructed in the French and Italian languages.

Such a pupil to such a master must have been roused, and delighted by the French revolution..... Cooper was scarcely seventeen when his enthusiasm prompted him to relinquish the pen for the sword, and to seek a commission in the armies of the great republic. The just sprouting, sensitive and uncertain laurels of the author were blasted....civic and mural crowns, ovations and sabres d'honneur were much more glittering, and accordingly it was already determined he should engage for the banners of equality and confusion, when the war broke out between England and France, and clouded the brilliant prospects of military promotion and renown in the cause of liberty. Then it was, he turned his attention to the stage, and communicated his wishes to his benefactor; they were received with coldness and regret, not till after some time assented to, and then with decided disapprobation. His intention however being found invincible, Mr. Holcroft undertook to give some preparatory lessons. When he was thought prepared, many difficulties occurred, before a suitable place could be procured for his first appearance: at last Mr. Stephen Kemble offered his auspices, and Edinburgh was concluded on. The writer of this sketch has heard Cooper describe, with great pleasure, his first interview with the

Scotch manager: he was at that time a raw country youth of seventeen. On his arrival in Edinburgh, little conscious of his appearance and incompetency, he waited on Mr. Kemble, made up in the extreme of rustic foppery, proud of his talents, and little doubting his success. When he mentioned his name and errand, Mr. Kemble's countenance changed from a polite smile to the stare of disappointment: Cooper had been prepared for young Norvel; but he was obliged to exchange all his expected eclat for a few cold excuses from the manager, and the chagrin of seeing some nights after, his part filled by an old man and a bad player. During the remainder of the season he continued with Stephen Kemble, without ever appearing. From Edinburgh he went with the company to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there he lived as dependent, inactive, and undistinguished as before, till, owing to the want of a person to fill the part of Malcolm in Macbeth, he was cast to that humble character....in so inferior a sphere did he begin to move who is now become one of the brightest luminaries of the theatrical hemisphere. His debut was even less flattering than his reception from the manager had been. Till the last scene he passed through tolerably well, but when he came to the lines which conclude the play....

"So thanks to all at once and to each one

Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone,"

after stretching out his hands and assuming the attitude and smile of thankfulness, slight embarrassment checked him, and he paused, still keeping his posture and his look.... the prompter made himself heard by every one but the bewildered Malcolm, who still continued mute, every instance of his silence naturally increasing ten-fold his perplexity....Muceduff whispered the words in his ear....Macbeth who lay slaughtered at his feet, broke the bonds of death to assist his dumb

successor, the prompter spoke almost to vociferation.... Each Thane dead or alive joined his voice.... but this was only "confusion worse confounded".... if he could have spoken the amazed prince might with great justice have said: "So thanks to all at once".... but his utterance was gone "*vox faucibus hæsit*".... a hiss presently broke out in the pit, the clamour soon became general, and the curtain went down, amid a shout of universal condemnation.

After this discomfiture, Cooper returned not a little humiliated to England.

His friends, Godwin and Holcroft, who were convinced that he possessed the requisites for a performer of eminence, sent him on a tour of improvement at the provincial theatres. They expected that he would thus acquire an acquaintance with the stage, and prepare himself for the theatres of the metropolis. An evil genius seemed still to preside over his wanderings. He appeared to the managers in whose corps he was enlisted, as a raw recruit who possessed no talents for the profession. Characters of importance were considered utterly beyond his reach. Those of inferior rank he played without success, and he degenerated into a mere letter-carrier. In this manner he murdered a few months starving on a paltry salary, and then, abandoning his irksome and degrading situation, travelled on foot to London.

Mr. Cooper's friends now abandoned the idea of practice on provincial stages: Mr. Holcroft again took him in hand, and selected some of Shakspeare's most distinguished characters for his instructions. He made him recite passages, and would explain to him the nature of the characters, the situations in which they were placed, the passions by which they were influenced. Thus he taught him that great requisite of a performer.... to conceive the intention of the author, and enter into the feelings of the character. After some months close attention, in which the extraordinary talents of

the youthful pupil were rapidly evolved, he was thought ready for a public appearance. He accordingly at the early age of eighteen performed in one week the arduous characters of Hamlet and Macbeth, on the boards of Covent Garden, to overflowing houses, and with the most flattering applause.

On this subject we have heard that Mr. Tyler, at present of the New-York theatre, had belonged to one of the provincial companies in which Cooper had held a very humble station. Mr. Tyler forming other engagements with Mr. Henry, quitted the British for the American stage. Shortly after his arrival, he received a letter from one of his Thespian friends, who after regaling him with a variety of Green-room history, added, and now prepare yourself for astonishment. That identical Mr. Cooper who a few months ago was playing the very underling characters at our theatre and who appeared so extremely incompetent, is now performing Hamlet with applause at London!

After Mr. Cooper had met so favourable a reception from the London audience, he was offered a liberal engagement; but as he was not yet capable of sustaining a line of characters, he was expected to take such business as he was able to perform. This engagement he declined. "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*" seems to have been already his motto and he refused any secondary situation. He accordingly retired to the country, where he employed himself in cultivating his dramatic talent.

Shortly after this period Mr. Wignell who had visited England for the purpose of raising a reinforcement for the Philadelphia company, heard of him. He immediately entered into a negotiation which was promptly concluded, and in a few days from its commencement Mr. Cooper was on the Atlantic voyaging to America.

The Philadelphians were slow at discovering his merits. His line of acting interfered with that of their

favourite performers, and as he had many careless and some dissipated habits, he was far from being a favourite. This was particularly evidenced at his benefit, for which there were only a few seats taken. This did not affect Cooper's pocket, for his benefit was guaranteed to a certain amount by his engagement with the manager. It however affected his pride, and he was determined to avoid the disgrace attendant on "a beggarly account of empty boxes." He therefore closed a bargain for sixty dollars with a man who owned the elephant. Play-bills were posted up in in all directions, advertising, in letters of the largest size, that the elephant would be introduced on the stage; curiosity was all alive, and Cooper, aided by his elephant, was honored with an overflow.

When the winter campaign had closed, the company made a summer excursion to New-York. The circus was fitted up for the purpose, and the most admirable acting ever witnessed in America was then exhibited. Cooper, Fennel, Moreton, Harwood, and Bernard, were the most prominent male performers, and Mrs. Merry sustained the heroines in a style of great perfection. The season opened with *Venice Preserved*, in which Cooper, as Pierre, made an indelible impression on the audience. A coldness had for sometime subsisted between him and the manager, which induced a wish to change his situation. His engagement bound him in a penalty of about two thousand dollars, but this it was alleged had been already broken on the managers part. In short the sum was subscribed by a number of gentlemen, who engaged to advance it if necessary, and Mr. Cooper was transferred to the New-York theatre.

With the exception of one season, in which he was at Philadelphia where he also became a great favourite, Mr. Cooper continued in New-York, till January, 1803. He then received an invitation from

London. Kemble had quarrelled with Drury Lane Theatre, had left it and gone on a tour to the continent of Europe. Cooper was invited to come if he felt confidence for the attempt, and was proffered Kemble's situation if it should appear that he could sufficiently satisfy the town. He accordingly went, but does not seem to have succeeded in London equal to the expectation of his friends. His performances have been received with much applause, but the people there, having formed their tastes on the acting of Cooke and Kemble, or from his real inferiority to these gentlemen, did not consider him equal to their favorites. He has since been performing, for a few nights at Liverpool, with great eclat; it is rumoured that he has concluded an engagement with the manager of Drury Lane; but, many persons yet entertain hopes that he may yet be restored to the American stage.

Mr. Cooper is rather above the middle size, well proportioned, with a handsome and expressive countenance; fine form, intelligent eye, and a voice admirably adapted to the stage. He excels in the weightier characters of the drama; while, in those of a secondary nature, he is generally careless and indifferent. His performance is particularly distinguished for chasteness, character and energy.

REMARKS ON DARWIN'S TEMPLE OF NATURE.

This Poem does not pretend to instruct by deep researches of reasoning. "Its aim is simply to amuse by bringing distinctly to the imagination the beautiful and sublime images of the operations of nature, in order as the author believes, in which the progressive course of time presented them."

It is divided into four cantos: the first treats on the production of life, the second on the reproduction of life, the third on the progress of the

mind, and the fourth on good and evil. The machinery of the poem is drawn from Eleusian Mysteries; as in them the philosophy of the works of nature, with the origin and progress of society, are supposed to have been explained by Hierophants to the initiated, by means of alligoric scenery, so in the present poem, the priestess of nature at the intercession of Urania, withdraws from the goddess the mystic veil which shrouds her from profane eyes, and unfolds to her votary the laws of organic life.

The theory which Dr. Darwin laid down in the first volume of *Zoonomia*, he has here illuminated with all the splendor of poetry: it is illustrated with additional observations, and supported with additional facts; in short "The Temple of Nature" may be almost called *Zoonomia* in verse. We have read the poem with attention and delight; so accustomed as we are to behold the mental imbecility which old age induces, it is most grateful and consolatory when we contemplate those exceptions which occasionally present themselves, where the vigour of the mind outlives the vigour of the body, and where old age, which has relaxed the fibres of the outward man, and struck with infirmity and decrepitude his mortal frame, retires, baffled and disgraced, from an unequal conflict with his ethereal and immortal part.

The poem bears no mark of senility about it; the lamp of Darwin's genius burns brightly to the last; its light, if not at all times safe and steady, is ever beautiful and brilliant; and the Temple of Nature, in its darkest and most secret recesses, is partially at least illuminated by its rays.

The present poem if possible, is more carefully polished than the *Botanic Garden*: it presents some pictures of uncommon beauty; we could select several, but must content ourselves with one or two.... The epithets and the imagery em-

ployed in the following description of the den of despair are singularly appropriate:

"Deep-whelm'd beneath, in vast sepulchral caves,
Oblivion dwells amid unlabel'd graves;
The storied tomb, the laurel'd bust o'erturns,
And shakes their ashes from the mould'ring urns....
No vernal zephyr breathes, no sunbeams cheer,
Nor song nor simper ever enters here;
O'er the green floor, and round the dew-damp wall,
The slimy snail, and bloated lizard crawl;
While on white heaps of intermingled bones
The nurse of melancholy sits and moans;
Showers her cold tears o'er Beauty's early wreck,
Spreads her pale arms, and bends her marble neck,
So in rude rocks, beside the Ægean wave,
Trophonius scoop'd his sorrow-sacred cave;
Unbarr'd to pilgrim-feet the brazen door,
And the sad sage returning smil'd no more.

The solitude, silence, and decay, here represented, are so many insignia of Oblivion; and her residence among "unlabell'd graves," together with her employment of o'erturning tombs of shaking their ashes....that last memorial!....from the mouldering urns, are very happily imagined. The note on the cave of Trophonius is worth inserting: "Plutarch mentions, that prophecies of evil events were uttered from the cave of Trophonius; but this allegorical story, that whoever entered this cavern were never again seen to smile, seems to have been designed to warn the contemplative from considering too much the dark side of Nature. Thus an ancient poet is said to have written a poem on the miseries of the world, to have thence become so unhappy as to destroy himself.

When we reflect on the perpetual destruction of organic life, we should also recollect, that it is perpetually renewed in other forms by the same materials, and thus the sum total of the happiness of the world continues undiminished; and that a philosopher may thus smile again on turning his eyes from the coffins of Nature to her cradles."

After a picture of the triumphal car of Cupid,

.....In beauty's pride,
Celestial Psyche sitting by his side,

we have the following highly finished description in genuine Darwinian verse:

"Delighted Flora, gazing from afar,
Greets with mute homage the triumphal car;

On silvery slippers steps with bosom bare,

Bends her white knee, and bows her auburn hair;

Calls to her purple heaths, and blushing bowers,

Bursts her green gems, and opens all her flowers;

O'er the bright pair a shower of roses sheds,

And crowns with wreaths of hyacinth their heads....

....Slow roll the silver wheels, with snow-drops deck'd,

And primrose-bands the cedar spokes connect;

Round the fine pole the twisting woodbine clings,

And knots of jasmine clasp the bending springs;

Bright daisy links the velvet harness chain,

And rings of violets joins each silken rein;

Festoon'd behind, the snow-white lilies bend,

And tulip-tassels on each side depend.

....Slow roll the car.... the enamour'd flowers exhale

Their treasured sweets, and whisper to the gale;

Their ravelled buds, and wrinkled cups unfold,

Nod their green stems, and wave their bells of gold;

Breathe their soft sighs from each enchanted grove,

And hail the Deities of Sexual Love."

We have on more occasions than one given our opinion of Dr. Darwin's poetry: the present volume eminently exhibits all his beauties and all his faults. The Doctor overloads his lines with gold and silver, silks and velvets, corals and chrystals, and with orient pearls. He seems to fancy that a monarch is no longer a monarch than when he is seated on the throne, clothed in his robes of royalty, and encumbered with his rich crown of jewels! With him the king of Great Britain, plainly dressed like a private gentleman, is nothing compared to the king of Ava, whose limbs totter under the wealthy weight of his ornaments, and who, Major Symes assures us, is unable to mount his throne without the support and assistance of two pages! The last extract was not selected with any view to expose this taste for finery; but it will be observed, that the lines are almost so many threads of gold or silver: and although it happens that no orient pearl or random ruby is strung upon them, the poem is richly gemmed also with such European rarities. If it would not be thought captious and hyper-critical, that we should also object to the too frequent use of affected words: *nascent* and *renascent*, *volant*, *susurrant*, &c. &c. In short, the great fault of Dr. Darwin's poetry is its dazzling and excessive polish, and that "balancing of the line," as Mr. Headly calls it, which makes the first part of it betray the second.

But let us not be suspected of depreciating Dr. Darwin; his knowledge was various and profound; his imagination ardent and fertile; and his genius, ever on the wing, penetrated into the obscurest mysteries of organic nature.

In one of his notes we see that Dr. Darwin has revived the exploded doctrine of Spontaneous Vitality. As the subject is curious, we shall endeavour to compress his arguments. He begins by endeavouring to remove some prejudices

against the doctrine, arising from the misconception of the ignorant or superstitious; in the first place, that it is contradicted by Holy Writ, which says that God created animals and vegetables; as if there were not more dignity in our idea of the Supreme Author of all things when we conceive him to be the cause of causes, than the cause simply of the events we see.... In the next place, that it is applied to the production of the larger animals; but spontaneous vitality is certainly only to be looked for in the simplest organic beings, as in the smallest microscopic animalcules: and thirdly, that there is no analogy to sanction it; but this want of analogy equally opposes all new discoveries, as of the magnetic needle, the coated electric jar, and the Galvanic pile.

He then makes some preliminary observations: That the power of reproduction distinguishes organic being whether vegetable or animal, from inanimate nature. That the reproduction of plants and animals is of two kinds, which may be termed solitary and sexual: that the former of these, as in the reproduction of the buds of trees, and of the bulbs of tulips, of the polypus and aphids, appears to be the first or most simple mode of generation, as many of these organic beings afterwards acquire sexual organs, as the flowers of seedling trees and of seedling tulips, and the autumnal progeny of the aphids. By reproduction organic beings are gradually enlarged and improved; "thus (says he) the buds of a seedling tree, or the bulbs of seedling tulips, become larger and stronger in the second year than the first, and thus improve till they acquire flowers or sexes; and the aphids, I believe, increases in bulk to the eighth or ninth generation, and then produces a sexual progeny. Hence the existence of spontaneous vitality is only to be expected to be found in the simplest modes of animation as the complex

ones have been formed by many successive reproductions."

From these preliminary observations, Dr. Darwin proceeds to experimental facts: "By the experiments of Buffon, Reaumur, Ellis, Ingenhouz, and others, microscopic animals are produced in three or four days, according to the warmth of the season, in the infusions of all vegetable or animal matter. One or more of these gentlemen put some boiling veal-broth into a phial, previously heated in the fire, and sealing it up hermetically, or with melted wax; observed it to be replete with animalcules in three or four days." "To suppose the eggs of these animals to float in the atmosphere, and pass through the sealed glass phial, is contrary to apparent nature, as to be totally incredible." Again: "In paste composed of flour and water, which has been suffered to become scescent, the animalcules called eels, *vibrio anguillula*, are seen in great abundance; their motions are rapid and strong; they are viviparous, and produce at intervals a numerous progeny: animals similar to these are also found in vinegar; *Naturalist's Miscellany*, by Shaw and Nodder, vol. II.... As these animals are viviparous, it is absurd to suppose that their parents float universally in the atmosphere to lay their young in paste and vinegar!

The *conferva fontinalis* of Dr. Priestly is a vegetable body which appears to be produced by a spontaneous vital process. Dr. Ingenhouz asserts, "that by filling a bottle with well-water, and inverting it immediately into a basin of well-water, this green vegetable is formed in great quantity; and he believes, that the water itself, or some substance contained in the water, is converted into this kind of vegetation, which then quickly *propagates* itself."

Mucor, or mouldiness, is another vegetable, the incipient growth of which Mr. Ellis observed by his

microscope near the surface of all putrifying vegetables or animal matter.

After having proceeded thus far, Dr. Darwin unfolds his theory of spontaneous vitality; it will be recognised as extremely similar to the theory of glandular secretions, laid down by Zoonomia, and afterwards applied to vegetable reproductions in Phytologia. As in animal or chemical combinations, one of the composing materials must possess a power of attraction, as the magnet, and the other an aptitude to be attracted, as a piece of iron: so in vegetable or animal combinations there must exist two kinds of organic matter, one possessing the appetency to unite, and the other the propensity to be united. Thus in the generation of the buds of trees, it is probable that two kinds of vegetable matter....one of them endued with this appetency to unite with the other, and the latter with this propensity to be united with the former....“as they are separated from the solid system, and float in the circulation, become arrested by two kinds of vegetable glands, and are then deposited beneath the cuticle of the tree, and there join together, forming a new vegetable, the caudex of which extends from the pulmula at the summit to the radicles beneath the soil, and constitutes a single fibre of the bark;” so in the sexual reproduction of animals, certain parts, separated from the living organs, and floating in the blood, are arrested by the sexual glands of the female, and others by those of the male. Of these none are complete embryo animals, but form an embryo by their reciprocal conjunction. “There hence appears to be an analogy between generation and nutrition, as one is the production of new organization, and the other the restoration of that which previously existed, and which therefore may be supposed to require materials somewhat similar. Now the food taken up by animal lacteals is previously prepared by the chemi-

cal process of digestion in the stomach; but that which is taken up by vegetable lacteals is prepared by chemical dissolution of organic matter formed beneath the surface of the earth. Thus the particles which form *generated* animal embryos are prepared from dead organic matter by the chimico-animal processes of sanguification and of secretion; while those which form *spontaneous* microscopic animals or microscopic vegetables are prepared by chemical dissolutions and new combinations of organic matter in watery fluids with sufficient warmth!”

Some microscopic animalcules are said to remain dead for many days or weeks, when the fluid in which they existed is dried up, and quickly to recover life and motion by the fresh addition of water and warmth; thus, the *chaos redivivum* of Linnæus dwells in vinegar, and in book-binder's paste: it revives by water, after having been dried for years, and is both oviparous and viviparous. *Syst. Nat.* Shell-snails have been kept in the cabinets of the curious in a dry state for ten years or longer, and have revived on being moistened with warmish water. *Phil. Tran.*....The hydra of Linnæus revives after having been dried, restores itself after mutilation, is multiplied by being divided, is propagated from small portions, and lives after being inverted. All these phenomena Dr. Darwin thinks would be best explained by the doctrine of spontaneous reproduction from organic particles not yet completely decomposed; and he is inclined to infer that “organic particles of dead vegetables and animals, during their usual chemical changes into putridity or acidity, *do not lose all their organization or vitality*, but retain so much of it as to unite with the parts of living animals in the process of nutrition; or unite and produce new complicate animals by secretion, as in generation; or produce very simple microscopic animals, or microscopic vegetables;

by their new combinations in warmth and moisture."

This theory, then, assumes the principle of a perpetual and progressive improvement, by reproduction, in all animals and vegetables; it assumes also that this improvement produces an absolute change in the generating organs. Chemical dissolutions and new combinations of organic matter in watery fluids, with sufficient warmth, prepare particles, which in consequence of certain inherent and essential appetencies and propensities, unite with each other and form microscopic animalcules. This Dr. Darwin calls spontaneous vitality, and is the first link in the chain. Dr. Priestly's *conferva fontinalis*, the *fungi* which grow on rotten timber, in vaults, &c. the esculent mushroom, and the microscopic animalcules found in all solutions of vegetable or animal matter in water, although themselves spontaneously originating from the congress of decomposing organic particles, nevertheless possess the power of producing others like themselves by solitary reproduction without sex. Mr. Ellis in *Phil. Trans. V. LIX*. The next inferior kinds of vegetables and animals also, as the buds and bulbs raised immediately from seeds, the *lycopodium tuber*, with probably many other *fungi*, and the *polypus*, *volvax* and *tania*, propagate by solitary generation only. This is the second link. "Those of the next order propagate both by solitary and sexual reproduction, as those buds and bulbs which produce flowers, as well as other buds and bulbs, and the *apis*, and probably many other insects; whence it appears that many of those vegetables and animals which are produced by solitary generation, gradually become more perfect, and at length produce a sexual progeny."

But the transition from solitary to sexual reproduction was too abrupt: a small intermediate link therefore was interposed, namely,

the hermaphrodite mode of reproduction; as in those flowers which have anthers and stigmas in the same corol: from this imperfection of state, some animals, as snails and worms, have not yet extricated themselves. As hermaphrodite insects, shell-snails, dew-worms, &c. are seen *reciprocally* to copulate with each other, it is suspected that they are incapable of impregnating themselves. For the final cause of this incapacity, see Zoon. Vol. I. Sect. xxxix. 6. 2. This is the third link. The most perfect order of animals are propagated by sexual intercourse only.* This is the last link: the master piece of Nature!

If such has been the progress of perfection in the formative organs of the animal and vegetable kingdoms....if the powers which certain species now enjoy, are the consequence of efforts uninterruptedly exerted through the lapse of countless ages, are we to infer, that the nobler animals, and MAN among them, were originally constituted with this primitive organic simplicity? All male quadrupeds, and the biped man, have breasts and nipples: the breasts at nativity are replete with a thin milky fluid, and the nipples swell on titillation. Are these, then, the frustrate vestiges of ancient structure? Was there a time in the juvenility of the

* "This however does not extend to vegetables, as all those raised from seed produce some generation of buds or bulbs previous to their producing flowers, as occurs not only in trees, but also in annual plants. Thus three or four joints of wheat grow upon each other before that which produces a flower"....analogously with the reproduction of aphides...."which joints are all separate plants growing over each other, like the buds of trees, previous to the uppermost; though this happens in a few months in annual plants, which requires as many years in the successive buds of trees, as is further explained in Phytologia, Sect. IX. 3. 1."

world when Man propagated his species by hermaphrodite generation? This was the idea of Plato, and Dr. Darwin shrinks not from the inference. (See Note to Temple of Nature, cant. 2, l. 120. Addit. Notes on Spontan. Vital. on the reproduction: see also Zoon. vol. I. sect. xxxix. 4. 8.) But according to this theory, we must not stop here: reproduction by hermaphrodite sexuality is the *third* chain of the link: ages and ages must have rolled away before he had arrived at this stage of perfection. For the juvenility of the world, therefore, we must go back to its infancy, and from its infancy to its very birth: did Man, then, once propagate his species by solitary reproduction, by mutilation, by division, by offsets? and was his *origin* the spontaneous production of organic particles, uniting with each other in consequence of certain inherent and essential appetencies and propensities? Is Dr. Darwin prepared to allow this inference too? He shall speak for himself: "But it may appear *too bold*, in the present state of our knowledge on this subject, [reproduction] to suppose that all vegetables and animals now existing were originally derived from the smallest microscopic ones formed by spontaneous vitality; and that they have by innumerable reproductions during innumerable centuries of time, gradually acquired the size, strength and excellence of form and faculties, which they now possess; and that such amazing powers were originally impressed on matter and spirit by the Great Parent of Parents! Cause of Causes! *Ens Entium!*"

One question only remains to be asked, and to that the answer has this moment been given: how came these organic particles endued with such wondrous appetencies and propensities? "Such amazing powers were originally impressed on matter and spirit by the Great Parent of Parents! Cause of Causes! *Ens Entium!*"

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DR. DARWIN.

Continued from page 388.

In the biographical sketch of a man, the incidents of whose private life are intrinsically unimportant, and acquire an interest only from the literary lustre which adorns his character, it may not be irrelevant to risk a few remarks on the nature of those claims from which his celebrity is derived.

There are three points of view in which the literary character of Dr. Darwin most obviously presents itself:....First, As a Medical Philosopher....Secondly, as a Philosophical Agricultor....And thirdly, As a Poet.

I. The pretensions of Dr. Darwin to high rank as a MEDICAL PHILOSOPHER will, of course, bottom themselves in the merits, numerous and solid as they are, of the great work which he gave to the world in the year 1794. In whichever point of view the ZOONOMIA shall be considered, whether as a mere repository of curious natural and medical facts, or as a scheme and system of pathological and physiological disquisition, is probably matter of trifling import, so far as the reputation of its author is concerned. By either mode of appreciation it is, unquestionably, a noble effort of human labour or of human wit.

In a work, indeed, so varied, so complicated, so extensive, it is an easy task, and requiring no extraordinary powers of perception, to discover many lapses in the design and execution; but when we call to mind the vastness of the whole fabric, the bold originality of the plan upon which it is constructed, the curious nature and beautiful arrangement of the materials which compose it, the elegance of all its ornamental, and the solidity of very many of its useful parts, we cannot hesitate to assign to its contriver the merit of uncommon taste, uncommon perseverance, and uncommon skill.

To justify the panegyric which we have now ventured to pronounce, it may seem reasonable to expect that we should present to our readers an analysis of the system invented by Dr. Darwin, in order "to reduce the facts belonging to ANIMAL LIFE into classes, orders, genera, and species; and, by comparing them with each other, to unravel the theory of diseases." Such, however, is the extent of, and so diversified are the topics embraced by, his plan, that barely to enumerate the respective titles of the several sections into which it is broken, would be greatly to exceed the comparatively scanty limits within which, by the nature of our arrangement, we are of necessity confined. To the work itself we must and do appeal for our justification, confident, that although its illustrious author may have sometimes erred from excess of ingenuity, that however he may have been occasionally blinded by too great a love of system, the *ZOOLOGIA* will ever be considered as a production of transcendent merit.

Thy work is done! Nor Folly's active
rage,
Nor Envy's self, shall blot the golden
page;
Time shall admire....his mellowing
touch employ,
And mend the immortal tablet, not
destroy.

II. As a PHILOSOPHICAL AGRICULTURIST Dr. Darwin must ever be entitled to the highest consideration in order to profit by the multitudinous experiments of Hales, Grew, Malpighi, Bonnet, Du Hamel, Buffon, Spallanzani, Priestly, &c. collected in the *Phytologia*, it is not necessary to take possession of the air built theory of vegetation which is there constructed, and securely inhabit it as an edifice whose solidity is equal to its elegance. Whether the analogy is in fact so close between the parts and functions of animal and vegetable beings;....whether the anatomy of

the one so strictly corresponds with that of the other, as to induce a belief that the latter are in reality an inferior order of the former, possessed of a brain, uterus, muscles, and complete nervous system, is an inquiry, which, however curious, must surely be subordinate, otherwise than as it may possibly lead to a more successful culture of those vegetable products which immediately or remotely are essential to the subsistence of man. And this does not always appear to be the case:....whether the ascent of sap is owing to capillary attraction, facilitated by an expansion of the gaseous fluids, or to certain irritative motions of the absorbents....whether the spiral vessels of a vine are, in fact, the bronchia of Malpighi and Grew, or the nurture bearing absorbents of Darwin....whether the motions of the *Dionæa Muscipula*, the *Mimosa*, the *Hedysarum gyrans*, &c. are the exercise of a muscular power, or the effect of some external excitement acting on an irritable organ....whether as the leaves of vegetables are supposed to serve them as lungs, so the corol or petals of a flower are to be considered as a pulmonary organ belonging to the "amatorial parts," the anthers, and the stigmas....and whether the leaves of both are furnished with a venous and arterial apparatus, the one distributed over the upper surface, exposing its contents under a thin moist pellicle to the action of the light and air; the other receiving them thus oxygenated, and conducting them on the under surface to the leaf-bud in the one case, and to the anthers and stigmas in the other....these, and many other similar questions, however curious in themselves, and whatever physiological skill and delicate analogies may be displayed in the investigation of them, must, as before observed, be ever considered as subordinate in comparison with those grand and indisputable discoveries which the application of chemistry to agriculture has brought to light.

Comparatively speaking, therefore, a small portion only of the Phytologia is devoted to that fanciful system of vegetable physiology, in the illustration of which Dr. Darwin has displayed such a wantonness of conjecture, and apparently such a waste of ingenuity.

The second part of the Phytologia treats on the economy of vegetation: the first section is a very elaborate and interesting one on the growth of seeds, buds, and bulbs; in which a curious analogy, interspersed with much useful matter, is instituted between animal and vegetable propagation. A very important chapter succeeds on "Manures:" this subject had already been treated by Mr. Kirwin, and the Earl of Dundonald, in a very masterly manner, but was not exhausted. The question which Dr. Darwin first asks himself is.... What is the food of vegetables? The embryo plant in the seed or fruit is surrounded with saccharine, mucilaginous, and oily materials, like the animal fœtus in the egg or uterus, which it absorbs and converts into nutriment; the embryo buds in deciduous trees are supplied with a saccharine, mucilaginous juice by the roots or sap-wood of their parent trees. Adult plants, having no stomach enabling them to decompose by a chemical process either animal or vegetable substances, must wait for the decomposition which is continually going on in those soils and climates, and those seasons of the year which are most friendly to vegetation. For the purpose of supplying adult vegetables with a larger portion of nourishment than they could obtain without our assistance, the philosophical agricultor first considers what kinds of matter are most prevalent, or most necessary in their composition: secondly, what of these substances they can absorb without previous decomposition: and lastly, how to expedite that process when it becomes necessary. A valuable section succeeds on draining and watering lands: here

some useful hints are thrown out for detecting the situation of springs, and for conveying away the water from those plains and morasses where there is no obvious channel for its escape: the benefits of flooding land are enlarged on; some necessary cautions introduced respecting the process, and suggestions made for the extension of the practice, not only by taking advantage of the natural falls of brooks and springs, and by occasionally damming them up to supply higher situations, but by the use of various machinery.

A section on the aeration and pulverization of the soil succeeds, in which the uses of fallowing are philosophically estimated, and the management of the wheat-crop enlarged on. The transplantation of wheat is here recommended in a very unqualified manner; we have ourselves tried it, on a scale of between four and five acres, with complete success.

The succeeding section treats on Light, Heat, and Electricity: under the last of these three heads one cannot but smile at the "*profitable* application of electricity" which is intimated to the gardener or the agricultor: as the oxygen or hydrogen gasses may exist in the summer atmosphere in a state of mixture, but not of combination, and as the electric spark or flash of lightning may combine them and produce water instantaneously, "it is probable that in dry seasons the erection of numerous metallic points on the surface of the ground, but a few feet high, might in the night time, contribute to precipitate the dew by facilitating the passage of electricity from the air into the earth; and that an erection of such points higher in the air, by means of wires wrapped round tall rods, like angle rods, or elevated on buildings, might frequently precipitate showers from the higher parts of the atmosphere." An interesting and valuable section on the diseases of plants, concludes the second part: these diseases are divided into

those which appear to originate from internal causes, those from the external elements, and those from the nidification or depredations of insects: to which is added, the destruction by vermin. Under the third head is given a very curious account of the aphid, together with various methods for destroying it; and the ingenious one is suggested of propagating its greatest enemy, the larva of the aphidivorous fly, and thus devouring one insect by the means of another.

The third part of the *Phytologia*, on agriculture and horticulture, is divided into six sections: the first treats on the production of fruits; in which the four methods are enlarged on of procuring fruit trees for the purposes of horticulture by seeds, by root-suckers, by planted scions, and ingrafted scions: the author next proceeds to shew how a tree may be necessitated to increase the number of flower buds, in preference to its leaf-buds. The means of perfecting, enlarging, and preserving fruit are then severally insisted on. The important subject of the production of seeds occupies the next section; in which rules are laid down for producing them early, and in great quantity....for ripening them....for generating the best kinds....for collecting good seeds and determining their goodness....for the preservation of seeds, and for sowing them advantageously. The two next sections treat one on the production of roots and barks, and the other on the production of leaves and wood: and the last contains a plan for disposing part of the vegetable system of Linnæus into more natural classes and orders. The plan here suggested, of adopting the situations, proportions or forms, with or without the numbers of the sexual organs, as criterions of the order and classes, is well worthy the attention of botanists. While the number of stamina and pistilla are subject to variation, both from luxuriant and deficient growth, implicit confidence cannot be placed on that

alone, as indicative either of an order or class. As the proportions and figures and purposes of the stamina and pistilla are immutable, Dr. Darwin imagines they would form a preferable standard, both for classical and ordinal arrangement.

But it is time that we should consider Dr. Darwin in his third character, namely as a POET. Dr. Darwin lately said to a friend, that in his poetical works his great aim was to present an object to meet the eye, and that he was not anxious to touch the heart. A more severe criticism could scarcely have been pronounced; there is, notwithstanding, a justness in the remark, which is not to be disputed, and we are happy that himself has relieved us from the pain of making it. It must be observed, however, in mitigation of the censure, that a Didactic Poem, and as such we must consider the "*Botanic Garden*," is rather addressed to the understanding than the heart: it is not to be expected that we should be fired at the description of an ardent *stamen*, or melt with sympathy at a languishing *pistillum*; where the author's own feelings were excited, he fails not to touch a corresponding chord. If an imagination of unrivalled richness....a felicity of allusion to whatever can throw lustre on his subject....to ancient mythology and modern discoveries....to the works of nature and of art; if these are some of the essentials of poetry, Dr. Darwin may certainly claim them as his own. No man, perhaps, was ever happier in the selection and composition of his epithets, had a more imperial command of words, or could elucidate with such accuracy and elegance the most complex and intricate machinery.

Who but Dr. Darwin would have thought of describing a porcelain-manufactory in verse; the enormous powers and curious construction of a steam-engine; the delicate mechanism of a watch; and the infinite complexity of a cotton-mill? These and many similar descrip-

tions to be found in the "Botanic Garden," are inimitable in their way; and that they do not "touch the heart," is attributable to the subject, and not to the poet: the sweet simple music of an old Scotch air is infinitely more affecting than the rapid complex movements of a modern concerto:....but a vagrant minstrel could compose the melody of the one, though it requires the scientific hand of a master to combine the various harmony of the other.

After all, we are quite ready to acknowledge that Dr. Darwin is not a poet who stands very high in our estimation; the ear is fascinated and seduced by the melliflence of his numbers, but there is a harlotry in his embellishments which is to us unchaste. His cadences are not sufficiently varied for a poem of such length as the "Botanic Garden;" indeed there is an evident mechanism in the construction of his lines which it is by no means pleasant to detect; one half of the verse is frequently a perfect equipoise to the other. We are even so fastidious and delicate as to be cloyed with the uniform sweetness of his versification: the current of Dr. Darwin's poetry is unruffled and serene; its surface smooth and polished;....Still as the sea ere winds were taught to blow;" but oftentimes we would gladly transport ourselves to where

"The rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong."

Dr. Darwin is particularly happy in some of his minor effusions: the beautiful little song "to May," is exquisitely finished; and it would be difficult to find thirty lines in the "Botanic Garden," to rival in dignity and pathos the "Address to Swilcar's Oak," introduced in the *Phytologia*, XVIII. 2. 16.

There is a noble and indignant eloquence poured forth in the translation of a few lines from the eighth satire of Juvenal, (*Stemmata quid faciunt, &c.* See *Zoon. Vol. II. class iii. 1. 2.*) which seems to

flow immediately from the heart. These, (particularly the two last) and some detached passages in the "Botanic Garden," possess a chasteness and simplicity of colouring, the want of which can never be compensated by the temporary lustre of any varnish: it is this artificial gloss, the too lsvish use of this deceitful varnish, which displeases us with the poetry of Dr. Darwin. As a prose writer, Dr. Darwin was incorrect; his grammatical errors are numerous. He was even deficient in orthography: his faults in spelling were sometimes corrected by his son the attorney. He gave early evidence of a poetical genius and a philosophical turn of mind: whilst he held the appointment of Lord Exeter's scholarship, he distinguished himself by his poetical exercises, and acquired an uncommon facility in the composition of them. In the year 1758, he published in vol. L. of the *Philosophical Transactions*, "An attempt to confute the opinion of Henry Earl, concerning the ascent of vapour;" and "An account of the cure of a periodical hæmoptoe, by keeping the patient awake." This was followed by "Experiments on Animal Fluids in the exhausted Receiver."

Dr. Darwin printed in the *Derby Mercury*, an elegy written at Matlock, and addressed to Mrs. Darwin: another piece was inserted in the same paper, occasioned by the appearance of a most fatal distemper amongst horned cattle, at Calke, near Derby. It consisted of instructions to give an immediate stop to its rapid and alarming progress. A third article was written on occasion of the earthquake, which several years ago was felt at Derby, and in the surrounding country. In the year 1782, the Botanical Society of Litchfield published a translation of Linnaeus's *Systema Vegetabilium*, the execution of which was principally confided to Dr. Darwin, one of its two principal members. The Doctor's other works have already

been mentioned in the course of his biographical sketch. He has left a poem entitled "The Shrine of Nature;" which is now in the press, and will shortly be published.

Next to Medicine, Mechanics and almost every branch of Natural History engaged his attention. He not only pursued those studies with great ardor and diligence himself, but also embraced every opportunity of cultivating and encouraging them amongst his numerous connections and acquaintance. Very soon after he settled at Derby, he instituted and established a philosophical society and library, both of which were in a flourishing condition at the time of his decease. The society, of which he was president, consists of members who reside in different parts of Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Leicestershire. He also took pleasure in encouraging works in natural history.

But though the learning, taste, and genius of Dr. Darwin were eminently displayed in these pursuits, yet there was one great end, to the attainment of which all his talents and views were earnestly and uniformly directed. He did not hesitate openly and repeatedly to declare in public company, that the acquisition of wealth was the leading object of all his literary undertakings! He once said to a friend: "I have gained 900*l.* by my Botanic Garden, and 900*l.* by the first volume of *Zoonomia*: and if I can every other year produce a work which will yield this sum, I shall do very well." He added; "Money, and not fame, is the object which I have in view in all my publications."

But Dr. Darwin was by no means insensible to the value of reputation. During the last years of his life, the love of fame was a passion which had great power over his mind; and the incense of praise was so very pleasant to him, that flattery was found to be the most successful means of gaining his notice and favour.

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The conversation of Dr. Darwin abounded with very unequal sallies of wit; when he found himself engaged with a powerful antagonist in argument, he had sometimes recourse to ridicule, a weapon which he did not always handle with dexterity, for he was affected with an impediment in his speech which rendered his enunciation scarcely intelligible.

There are reasons for suspecting that Dr. Darwin was not a believer in Divine Revelation; but belief is a matter of necessity, not choice. The religion of a man is a private affair between himself and his Maker: we have nothing to do with it. A few days before his death, a gentleman to whom we are indebted for the materials of a considerable portion of these memoirs, endeavoured to discover whether he entertained a belief and expectation of a future state of existence, the Doctor was observed to speak with a considerable degree of sedateness on the subject, and remarked, that it was natural to extend our wishes and views beyond the present scene, and that it was right to pursue such measures as are likely to secure our happiness in another world; "but," "let us not hear any thing about hell."

In the foregoing sketch, the intention has been merely to state a few plain facts: the excellencies of Dr. Darwin have been noticed, and his errors exposed with equal openness: biographers, like jurymen, should deliver a verdict according to the evidence, uninfluenced by "fear, favour, or affection."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. ADDINGTON.

MR. Addington is the son of a physician of some eminence, who died about eleven years since, after having practised with equal celebrity and success. That gentleman, during the whole of his life, appears to have been a great philo-

tician, and to have studied with equal attention the constitution of a patient and the constitution of the state.

During the latter part of lord Chatham's life, the doctor lived in great intimacy with that nobleman: and such was the confidence subsisting between them, that when a negotiation was opened with the late earl of Bute, respecting his return to power, he acted as the plenipotentiary of the ex-minister.

It may be naturally supposed that this of course led to an intimacy between the families, and we accordingly find that the young Pitts and the young Addingtons, early in life, cultivated a friendship with each other, which received a fresh increase when Mr. Wm. Pitt became a member of the society of Lincoln's Inn, and Mr. Henry Addington entered his name as a student, and eat commons at the same hall.

The present premier possesses great influence, in consequence of the excellence of his character, and the high respect he had acquired during the time he acted as speaker. His majesty may be said to evince a personal attachment to him, and, if report be true, he has presented him with, and furnished for him, a house in Richmond Park, in order to be near him at all times.

In private life Mr. A. is particularly amiable. He is a sincere friend, an affectionate brother, a kind father, and a tender husband. Possessing an ample income, and being but little devoted to expense, he cannot be supposed to be instigated by the sordid wish of creating a fortune for himself; and, as his connections are all in affluent circumstances, he has no poor relations to provide for out of the public purse. On the other hand it remains to be proved, whether his abilities entitle him to rank as a first rate statesman; and a few years....perhaps a few months....will determine, whether the new minister be destined to confer glory or disgrace on the empire; to subvert or to restore the liberties of his country!

PICTURE OF ST. DOMINGO.

Havre-de-Grace, (F.) October 3, 1803.

Dear Friend,

AT the last time I had the pleasure of addressing you, under date of June, ultimo, the horrors of St. Domingo, and the dangers that surrounded me in my escape from that unfortunate colony was fresh in my mind: but at this present period those poignant sensations are in some measure blunted by the lapse of intervening time, and possessing feelings more harmonized, I will now proceed to fulfil my promise mentioned in my last. I mean that of giving you the details of the astonishing and unforeseen revolution that there took place.

You are well aware that I left France in May, 1802, and arrived at the Cape in the beginning of July following. A few months before that time, Le Clerc had landed his army for the purpose of reclaiming the blacks to the obedience of the French government. Toussaint had just been seized and sent over to France; the chiefs, his followers, had already made a voluntary submission: so that this political stroke on the part of the commander in chief, promised to the inhabitants of the island a return of peace and plenty, and to the trade of France, security and gain. Had this general not been diffident of his own talents and abilities, being placed in a country that opened to him an entirely new scene, and vested with powers of such momentous weight he would not have failed in effecting this grand object: but unhappily for himself....unhappily for the commerce of France, he suffered himself to be surrounded by some of the inhabitants of the place, and the chiefs of the army, whom he believed were better acquainted with the local circumstances and advantages to be gained, he communicated to them his plans, and opened before

them the means by which he proposed to effect the entire re-establishment of order in St. Domingo. These people, insincere in the cause which they appeared to wish to serve, once made acquainted with the general's projects, employed every means secretly to undermine his measures; so that the edifices he erected on one side, were sapped and thrown down on the other. Le Clerc, possessing a mind strong, though softened by sensibility, was not long before he perceived himself the dupe of this class of men; he saw his schemes thwarted and overturned, the evidence of which so forcibly preyed on his spirits, as soon to terminate his existence.

You are already informed of the horrors that calumny has belched out against him, I shall therefore pass them over in silence, immediately to proceed to that period, when Rochambeau, the hope of the colonials, or rather some of them, seized on the chief command of the island, now vacated by the premature death of the above general.

The partizans of Rochambeau who were in the mysteries of his iniquities, not knowing whether their friends in France would succeed with the government, to establish him in the chief command of the army of St. Domingo, proceeded to address petitions, in which they pictured this general to the first consul, as the only person capable of saving the colony from the state of annihilation with which it was threatened.

The multitude always blind and easily deluded, forgetting what Rochambeau had done at Martinique; forgetful of what he had even done at St. Domingo, under Santhonax, signed the petition, which was forwarded by express to the first consul; who had already, on the solicitations of the chiefs, the faction agitating at St. Domingo, had prepared in France; anticipated the wishes of the colonials, by conferring on Rochambeau, the chief command.

But what was the debut of this general when vested with the chief command? What were his first steps? He altered the plans of his predecessor; who had in view to open the campaign as soon as the arrival of the troops, promised him by the French republic, placed it in his power; he cantoned in detachments the forces that were already in the colony at the death of Le Clerc, and pursued the same measure with the reinforcement of 18000 men, that afterwards arrived: and if he made any sorties to attack the insurgents, they were partial and always inferior in numbers, as one is to twenty. By a conduct like this, in a climate, burning and obnoxious to the European constitution; he would have absorbed immense treasures and destroyed an army of one hundred thousand men, had they been at his disposal, without gaining an inch of ground from the insurgents.*

Business requiring my presence at Port-au-Prince, I had an opportunity of taking a near view of the bent of Rochambeau's intentions. The month of November, and the two succeeding ones, were destined to witness scenes the most horrid; scenes that bear the deepest tinge of barbarous atrocity. Seven or eight hundred blacks, and men of colour were seized upon in the streets, in the public places, in the very houses, and for the moment confined within the walls of a prison. Thence they were hurried on board the national vessels lying in the harbour, from whence they were plunged into eternity.

These horrid scenes were repeated at Leogane, at Petit-Guave, and

* It is well known that St. Domingo has cost France fifty-two thousand men, and one hundred and fifty millions of livres tournois, nearly thirty millions of dollars; an expenditure sufficient to have effected the conquest of all the Antilles, but which has only served to arm and strengthen those it was intended to subdue.

in the whole circuit of Jeremie; at that time commanded by D'Arbois, the friend and protege of Rochambeau: but before I proceed further in these details, I must place before you the only military expedition I saw, headed by this general....it is as follows:

He sailed out of Port-au-Prince with one thousand men, almost all regular troops, and proceeded to Jacquemel, at that time blockaded by the insurgents; he raised the siege, threw in one hundred and twenty men, and marched direct to Petit-Guave, from whence it was supposed he would have proceeded to the south by land, where his army would have destroyed the seeds of insurrection that began to appear, and by the impression it would have made on the black tillers of the ground, hindered a renewal of the same: On the contrary, he left eighty men at Petit-Guave, partook of a ball and entertainment, he caused to be prepared, and then embarked for Jeremie, where he arrived the day following, and conferred with D'Arbois, whom he ordered to scatter in the different points of the coast, the remaining part of the detachment that accompanied him.

D'Arbois and his commander of Jeremie, and whose name will always be held in execration; this commander, I say, to whose charge Rochambeau had been pleased to add the towns of Baradiers, Petit-Trou, and L'Anseveau; appeared in these places to perform what he called his circuit of inspection, that is to deal out desolation and death; to carry on his plan of butchery: in like manner as he had done in the other parts annexed to his command. But it was at L'Anseveau that I was myself a witness of the most premeditated barbarity. He arrived there, as well as I remember, in Nivose, ultimo, accompanied by twenty men of the legion Polonaise, eight men of the artillery corps, one field piece, and twenty national dragoons of Jeremie, besides several aid-de-camps, four soldiers,

and the commandant at Petit-Trou, which closed his suite. The schooner *Adelaide*, followed him there. From the moment she was moored on the Fonds Blancs, in the outward harbour, covered by the guns of a small neighbouring fort, the orders for arrests were issued.

Immediately twenty men of colour amongst whom was the above mentioned commander and four men, belonging to Petit-Trou; several blacks, and one white from Nantes, whose name I well remember was Billiard, were all carried on board the *Adelaide* for the purpose of being sunk in a watery grave; but the captain of the vessel not taking the precaution to draw off to some distance from the shore, caused the town to participate in a scene, the horror of which stands unequalled.

At the still and solemn hour of midnight, when even the slumbering guard totters at his post, did the captain, or rather the executioner, begin to fulfil his duty, by executing the orders of the atrocious D'Arbois. The poor wretches on board, huddled and then tied together, at the sight of the lingering and dreadful fate that awaited them, struggled with their assassins, and all at once calling forth the most dreadful yells, roused the peaceful citizens by the noise, who entirely unacquainted with the cause, passed the remaining part of the night under arms, in horror and dismay. On the succeeding day, being informed of what had taken place on board the *Adelaide*, as they met, they looked at each other in silent horror; one saw painted on their furrowed countenances the presages of the fate they themselves had to expect.

Notwithstanding, the same scene was repeated on board the schooner....but that the town might not experience the same alarm, she stood out to sea a small distance, consigned her load to the waves, and on the succeeding day returned to her former anchoring place.

These proceedings, that the most hardened mind cannot but contem-

plate with horror, and which lasted several days, cast the pangs of despair into the hearts of the people of colour in the different quarters, and dreading the same fate, they fled in bodies to the insurgents, and augmented the number.

Nevertheless, the ferocious D'Arbois was not satisfied; he was anxious to provoke a general insurrection in the south of the island. With this view he crossed the mountains with some of his satellites, and arrived at Aux-Cayes where he received information of three or four hundred men of colour that then crowded the prisons. He forthwith solicited the black commander of that place, La Plume, to suffer him to dispatch out of the way these poor wretches. La Plume, naturally humane, and possessing a soul timid and unprepared for such guilt, absolutely refused. What did D'Arbois then do? He quieted the fears of the black chief, by telling him to take no part in the affair, to leave it entirely to him, he would answer for the whole.

In two days he emptied the prisons of Aux-Cayes, and then returned triumphant to l'Anse-au; whose inhabitants the preceding eve had been sensibly struck at the sight of the bodies of the poor wretches, who, a few nights before, amidst all the horrors of howling despair, had been consigned to the waves, and that by their cries had made them pass a great part of the night under arms. The billows now washed these unfortunate victims to the shore, floating with their eyes, as it were, turned towards heaven, they seemed to demand vengeance on the author of their untimely death: A vengeance that called for the reddened blasts of an avenging hand on the head of him who so deliberately provoked it. Conceive then what must have been the welcome this wretch met with here!

Soon after his alighting, he receives news that the insurgents are encamped on the plantation called Bourignau, four leagues distant from the town, and amounting to a consi-

derable number. Immediately the gay d'Arbois orders forty of the national guards to proceed to meet them, but the insurgents were already in motion and facing them, killed some and forced the remainder to retreat. The routed handful returns to l'Anse-au, spreads the alarm, and d'Arbois, informed of what passed, hurries the remainder of the national guard then in the town to oppose their approach to the city; but himself, foreseeing the event, mounts on horseback and rides off to Petit-Trou, situated four leagues in the opposite direction, as he said, to dine with the curate.

Scarcely had the dragoons proceeded a league on their way, when they are met by the insurgents, whose number was now considerably augmented; they were attacked, routed, and dispersed; some regained the town, a general alarm was sounded, and scarcely had the remaining inhabitants time to retreat to, and rally at a small redoubt, unprepared for resistance, when the insurgents, anxious to push their victory, rushed into the town....the artillery corps fired a few guns; the infantry joined by the inhabitants, opposed feebly with their musquetry, all was confusion; no leader to animate, rally and command, numbers overpowered them, and in a short time they were cut to pieces by the swords of the blacks.

D'Arbois, on receiving the news, brought him by one of the nine who escaped from this massacre, mounts his horse, accompanied by his satellites, and proceeds in haste to Jeremie, saying, they had a design on his person.

This unfortunate affair which almost cost the whole of the white population of the place, was a signal for a general insurrection in the south side of the island; it seemed to promise success to the blacks, who successively took possession of the different places belonging to that quarter.

I was myself amongst the very small number of those who escaped from l'Anse-au, and returned to

Port-au-Prince, with a view to terminate my affairs, in order to absent myself as soon as possible from this land of horror and desolation; but before I close this letter, I must add a few observations on a man, whose secret mission to this island was never fathomed or known.

This extraordinary character, styled an envoy from the government of Havanna, to the general in chief of St. Domingo, arrived at Port-au-Prince, in a Spanish corvette. He had no exterior mark of distinction, but he was received, treated, regaled, and feasted, with the most pointed marks of distinction.

In his honour were heard salutes from all the vessels, from all the armed posts, and from all the vessels of the state.

In his honour were prepared feasts at the government-house, feasts on board the commander of the station, La Touche Treville; feasts by the prefect d'Aure.

At each of these entertainments were heard to roar salutes from all the forts, posts and vessels, of the nation.

In his honour were given balls and tournaments, celebrated by the light of torches.

At his departure, after finishing so glorious a campaign, he was conducted on board the same vessel that brought him there, in a manner the most distinguished; and in his honour the forts, posts, and vessels, for the last time rent the skies with their thunder.

I often asked myself the question, who could this man be, that Rochambeau treated with such distinguished marks of respect? I never could satisfy myself....I never could be satisfied. I believe that he only, and his intimate friends, La Touche Treville, still more cunning than himself, can explain the mystery: with regard to myself from the display of shew and parade I witnessed on the occasion, I imagined him the envoy of princes, or the representative of mighty powers and potentates.

I could still longer dwell on these and other scenes that have risen horrid to my sight, since my return to this unfortunate spot; but I already exceed the bounds of a lettershall therefore only add an adieu, and again advise you to remain snug on the continent where you are, as long as it presents you with the means of a livelihood, at least till the revolutionary tempest is entirely passed, for the calm we at this time enjoy, is possibly merely momentary: and certainly, it is the part of prudence, not to brave the threatened storm, as long as one can command the security of the port.

Your's sincerely,

STATE OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

If provisions are cheaper in France than they are in England, labour is proportionably paid for: so that the peasant, probably, is not better off here, where mutton and pork are two pence halfpenny or three pence per pound, and the quartern loaf is at eight pence or nine pence, than in England, where these, and every other article, are considerably higher. The advantages, however, to persons of fixed income, are obvious and great: the *exchange of coin* against England is not to be compared with the *exchange of provisions* in favour of France. I know nothing about the burden of taxation here; house-rent is dear, however, and fuel is dear; whether these form a counterpoise to the advantage just mentioned, I am not able to say. To return to the peasantry:....

The French are incomparably better managers of their provision than the English. Nothing can possibly be more comfortless, more unsociable, more sulky, if I may so express myself, than the manner in which the labourers of England take their meals. Of the

country-labourers I speak, with whom I am a good deal conversant: with the domestic habits of city-workmen, manufactory-labourers, &c. I am totally unacquainted. It is the custom of countrymen to bring in their wallet a large hunch (as it is emphatically called) of coarse and stale brown bread: this is eaten for breakfast, sometimes with a parsimonious accompaniment of cheese or butter, but this relisher is not always afforded. At dinner the treasures of the wallet are brought forth, and in the depth of winter a cold heavy dumplin, of no mean magnitude indeed, is produced, in the centre of which is a lump of fat bacon, and perhaps a slice of apple! This however, does not fall to the lot of every one: many a labourer have I seen dine off a hard dry loaf, which he cheerlessly eats under a cart-shed to shelter him from the weather. The only comfortable meal which our labourers get, the only meal, at least, which gives me any idea of comfort, is their supper: after his day's work, if a man has a careful and industrious wife, he may expect to see a pot boiling over his fire when he goes home; he may expect something warm and nourishing for his supper; he may perhaps, afford himself a pint of beer....throughout the day his thirst is quenched at the pump, unless his master finds him a little beer.... and at last, indeed as that most simple and sweet song of the "Shepherd's Wife" says....

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,

As is a King in dalliance with a Queen,

More wanton too;

For Kings have many griefs their souls to move,

While Shepherds have no greater grief than love.

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound

As doth the King upon his bed of down,

And sounder too;

For cares cause Kings full oft their sleep to spill,

While weary Shepherds lie and sleep their fill,

Ah then.... Ah then, &c.

The French cookery is the most economical in the world, and the lower classes of the people are not excluded from the comfort of it: a great deal of Indian wheat is grown, and this is said to thicken soups in a very profitable degree. About Geneva the bread, which the poor people eat, is made either from this wheat or from barley, which is cultivated on a very extensive scale in the neighbourhood of Mantua, whence it is exported to the town: the bread, which we have sometimes seen in the cottages, where we have stopt to boil a few eggs, has been dark in colour, and very harsh to the palate, but when softened in soup, may probably be nevertheless extremely nutritious and palatable.

Tea is a luxury but little known among the poor in the provinces of France: instead of it, however, they have abundance of coffee, a far greater luxury when so deliciously prepared as it is here. We have seen coarse-looking fellows sit round the kitchen-fire at a post house, drink their hot coffee, and eat their hot rolls, with a great deal of apparent, and no doubt of real enjoyment. We have occasionally stopt to change horses at the hour of dinner, and have seen a number of labourers....at Pont sur Ain, there could not be less than a dozen of them.... collect together and call for their dinner, which the hostess had already prepared for them. To the water in which meat has been boiled, a large quantity of vegetables of various sorts, turnips, carrots, potatoes, garlic, &c. are added; large slices of bread, or some farinaceous substance, is inserted, and together with a proper proportion of pepper, salt, and herbs, form a soup which is thus

sociably eaten, and has the appearance at least of giving a comfortable meal to those who partake of it. Each peasant drinks his vin ordinaire de pays out of a separate glass; and, with all their abominable filth, the French may, in this particular, teach the English a lesson of cleanliness. In England, not merely at a harvest frolic and a sheep-shearing, but at the tables of most respectable and genteel persons we are in the habit of seasoning beverage with the copious saliva of half a dozen greasy mouths! But it is time to take leave of this subject, and proceed to my journal: one remark I shall make on the general appearance of the peasantry, and that is, that we see no fine old heads of either sex. We see many healthy children, many very beautiful girls, and fresh hardy-looking boys: but when the men and women approach to sixty years of age, we have very frequently had occasion to observe, that their complexions are sallow, and their faces shrunk and unhealthy. How is this to be accounted for? I shall not stop to inquire, but merely suggest two circumstances which it strikes me may possibly co-operate to produce it. Almost all the hovels, and indeed all the hotels, that it has been our fortune to rest at, are afflicted with smoky chimneys: in France every body takes snuff, and many, no doubt, in an immoderate degree. If the peasant and his family, residing in a dark and filthy room, are ever inhaling the suffocating particles of wood-smoke, and using, moreover, the vile stimulus of snuff, it is not very wonderful, that their countenances should prematurely become haggard and unhealthy. We have never seen a drunken man in France, but eau de vie is sold in almost every other shop: if it is habitually drunk by the labouring people, as one is forced to infer, from the frequency of its exposure for sale, a third and very powerful cause presents itself to account for the fact.

ACCOUNT OF THE CHAMELEON

By Mr. Reilly.

ABOUT the time I commenced my experiments, Mr. Pritchard, master of his majesty's ship Prince, presented me with a chameleon, that had been sent him by a gentleman from Saffia in Barbary, which extraordinary production of nature I remarked with particular attention every morning after fumigating. On the admission of atmospheric air I had this animal brought into the berth, and as regularly observed his colour change to a variegated black, which in no small degree excited my curiosity: unthinkingly, I one morning allowed it to remain in the berth during the fumigating process, which, I am sorry to say, ended its existence. I found, when it was dead, its colour was black, the reason of which I shall attempt to explain. As this animal is not known in England, I examined the comparative anatomy of the thorax and abdominal viscera, these being the only parts I dissected, having stuffed his body; which will fully account for the singular phenomenon that takes place in its changing to the same colour with the object placed before it. On opening to view the thorax and abdomen, there appears no mediastinum, but a thorough communication, without any intervening substance; the whole space of which is filled by three bladders, the middle and smallest of them may be called with propriety the œsophagus and stomach. It is firmly attached to the os hyoides, and terminates in the anus. The other two bladders are attached to the trachæa, and in every respect perform the office of lungs: and the animal can at discretion fill itself out to a large size, by inflating these vesicles, which are extremely pellucid, and, when inflated, fill completely the whole of the abdominal cavity, where there is no other substance but these transparent

membranes and the change of colour that takes place is occasioned by the reflection of any other colour on these transparent membranes, as the skin of the animal is extremely thin, and between the cellular substance and the skin is a filamentary expansion of the membranes; which pellucid or transparent membrane serves as a lens or mirror to reflect the rays or colour when objects are placed before it. A very clear demonstration of this is, that when a collapse takes place, which is not unfrequent, it is not influenced by colour; and, on the contrary, when these bladders are full, its colour is influenced by the object placed in competition, but scarlet more particularly, from its being more vivid. I doubt much whether nature has designed this animal to live on food or not, from the following circumstance; that I have frequently given it flies, which it never appeared to swallow with avidity; and I believe, if it were possessed of the power of returning them, that it would have done so; and in dissecting it I found the whole of the flies unaltered in this middle space; and, as a farther proof, from the part of the cyst where the flies were, to its termination, was so closely filled with bezoar-mineral, that the most minute substance could not have passed. This, in my opinion, clearly proves that nature did not design it to live on food; or, if it had, that its faces were of the bezoar mineral.

The tongue of this extraordinary animal is seven inches long, and in appearance like the sucker of a pump, with two apertures. The expansion of the nerves is beautiful, having no muscular substance to cover their colour: I counted distinctly twenty-nine pair; they in every degree perform the office of muscles, and all motion is performed by them the same as by the muscles in other animals. The eyes are of a very particular structure; they are very prominent, with a small pupil; and the animal can look

forward with one, and back with the other, at the same time. Its colour, when not influenced by objects, is a bluish grey, beautifully variegated with small yellow spots; its body about seven inches long; its head about an inch and one half, handsomely helmeted; its tail about five inches long, which it makes as much use of as any of its legs, particularly when descending from heights; it is of the oviparous class, resembles much, only smaller and handsomer, the gauana of the West-Indies.

ACCOUNT OF THE STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LIVERPOOL.

Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam:

Miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum.

Instant ardentes Tyrii. VIRG.

THE extraordinary increase of the town of Liverpool, which has been commensurate with the extension of its commerce, has of late years rendered it an object well worthy the attention of the enlightened traveller. The particular circumstances of its trade have frequently occupied the deliberations of the British legislature; and the literary reputation of some of its inhabitants has conferred upon it no small degree of lustre.

The streets of Liverpool present the appearances which usually occur in large towns. The carriages of the wealthy splash the humble pedestrian, and the splendid ornaments lavished upon youth and beauty form a striking contrast to the misery of aged poverty. But we do not here meet with the extreme squalidity, and the quantity of disgusting objects which deform the streets of manufacturing towns. Poverty is here decent in its appearance; and the lower classes of people, not being corrupted by the bare-faced licentiousness of crowded factories, wear tolerably healthy

countenances, and are in general orderly and civilized in their behaviour.

Liverpool is the child of commerce. It owes its existence and its prosperity to trade, and its inhabitants pay honour due to that activity to which it owes its elevation. With the exception of the customary proportion of professional men, almost every body resident in the town is employed in some department of traffic. Consequently, a gentleman, that is to say, a person not engaged in business, is out of his element in Liverpool. There he is, as it were, alone, in the midst of a crowd. He meets with no associates whose company will speed the heavy flight of time; and what is worse, he is held in very slight estimation in the public opinion. So strikingly is this the case, that many instances have occurred of merchants of the first consequence entirely losing their influence in the town on their retiring from business with large fortunes.

As commercial pursuits are in their nature hazardous, the annals of a town of such extensive commercial dealings as Liverpool may be naturally expected to exhibit most striking instances of the vicissitudes of fortune. It often happens that the servant rises while the master falls. To-day a man is a merchant, all spirit and enterprise, and living in splendor and luxury.....to-morrow he is a bankrupt, humbly requesting the signature of his certificate, or soliciting for some scanty-salaried situation in the customs or excise. Families, which twenty or thirty years ago took the leads in the circles of Liverpool fashion, are now reduced, forgotten, and unknown. More fortunate or industrious characters have risen to supply their place, and shine for their day, in all probability never asking themselves, whether it is not possible that they may be in their turn eclipsed by future adventures. In Liverpool, the prophecy may at any given time be safely pronounced.... "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." In this

town, few families can count three opulent or successful generations.

In reference to these fluctuations in the circumstances of individuals and of families, it may be observed, that the mercantile inhabitants of Liverpool have been charged with the indulgence of a propensity to hazardous speculations. It is difficult to determine how far this charge is well founded, since it is difficult to define the limits beyond which speculation, the main-spring of commerce, is unwarrantable. The general prosperity of the town should seem to indicate that it ought at least to be confined to a few individuals. Nowhere does the unsuccessful trafficker meet with more lenity and forbearance than in Liverpool. This is not an indication of laxity of principle or viciousness of disposition. It is an universal canon that knaves are suspicious and unrelenting, while good men are open-hearted and merciful. If the mercantile character of Liverpool be tried by this test it will appear to considerable advantage.

They who make the acquisition of a fortune the main object of their exertions are, generally speaking, absorbed in attention to business; because it is a very evident and intelligent truth, that industry is the high road to wealth. The cultivation of the elegant arts tends too much to the unproductive consumption of time, and to the detraction of the mind from less amusing concerns, to be tolerated in a counting-house. Of course it frequently happens in Liverpool, as in all commercial towns, that men rise to affluence by mere dint of undeviating industry; and the cultivation of the mind, and the refinement of manners, do not keep pace with the accumulation of property. In Liverpool there is no court-end of the town, no permanent selection of society which has sufficient influence to give a tinge to the public character. Commerce is the soul of the place; and purity of pedigree, and liberality of education, are by no means indispensable requisites to the

participation of the best society which the town affords. Hence the general manners of the circles of mercantile fashion will not perhaps bear the minute and fastidious criticisms of Chesterfield. It is almost impossible for those who have spent the prime of their life in the unceremonious bustle of the wharf and the ware-house to divest themselves of a certain *air de bourgeois*; and where lately acquired property is, by a kind of tacit compact, made the chief criterion of respectability, it would be idle to expect to meet with the high polish which at once graces and renders uninteresting the society of aristocracy.

But the people of Liverpool may challenge a comparison with the inhabitants of any town in the kingdom, with regard to the essence of true politeness, viz. friendly attention and hospitality. In Liverpool no man lives to himself. The selfish save-all, who after poring over his ledger all the morning, at noon hastily devours his unsocial steak at a chop-house, and then returns for his evening's amusement to his dungeon of a counting-house, a character which perpetually occurs in the metropolis, is here unknown. Conviviality is indeed a striking characteristic of the place. Its inhabitants feel a laudable disposition, not only to acquire, but to enjoy, the good things of life; and wherever this disposition prevails, it inevitably produces the cordial warmth of hospitality. It has been well observed, that "our very meals, our very cups, are tasteless and joyless, unless we have a companion to partake of them."

The hospitality of Liverpool renders it an agreeable place of resort to strangers. Military gentlemen find it a very pleasant station. It is enlivened by the amusements which usually diversify the occupations of large towns. The theatre is open during the greater part of the year. Public concerts are given every fortnight, in an elegant room appropriated to the purpose. Assemblies are held at stated periods.

Clubs and societies of various denominations and descriptions occur in every tavern, and the crowded discomfort of public-private routs occasionally vies with the folly of the metropolis.

The spirit of liberality which influences the inhabitants of Liverpool is not, however, exhausted in revelry and show. Every charitable institution, every scheme projected for the alleviation of human misery, meets with their ready and strenuous patronage.

The exertion of public munificence has long supported in this town the Blue-coat hospital, in which a considerable number of poor children are provided with clothes, lodging, board, and education....a remarkably well regulated infirmity, and a dispensary. Of late years, the marine society, several Sunday-schools, and a school of industry for the blind, have claimed, and have received, the public support.

Nor does the genius of commerce in this great emporium refuse to associate with the Muses. Various publications bear testimony that here literature has been cultivated with considerable ability. Several names might be enumerated of gentlemen, who, in the midst of the active concerns of this town, have found leisure to attend to the study of the polite arts. It is a remarkable fact, that the two works which have lately obtained the greatest share of public approbation (the life of Lorenzo de' Medici, and the life of Burns), issued from the Liverpool press. That a taste for reading is widely diffused through all ranks of the residents in this place, is evinced by the numerous list of subscribers to the Liverpool public library: and an inspection of the catalogue of that library will prove that this taste has been systematically directed to useful objects. The constitution of the Athenæum, of which an account was given in the Monthly Magazine for July, 1799, indicates an increasing maturity of literary taste; and the resort of the young men to the reading rooms of this institution,

after the hours of business, gives a good augury of the future accomplishments of the rising generation. When to this is added, that a plan for the extension of the old library has been eagerly adopted, and that proposals for the establishment of a botanic garden, now in circulation, have been countenanced by a respectable number of subscribers, ample proof has perhaps been adduced that letters are by no means neglected in Liverpool.

It is obvious that the public establishments which have been enumerated, cannot be supported without the united exertions of all sects and parties. It is highly to the honour of Liverpool, that its peace has very seldom been disturbed by the rage of religious bigotry, or the effervescence of political enthusiasm. Not that we shall find within its precincts that unanimity of opinion which is the result of passive ignorance. The dissenters of all denominations are numerous, and the opponents of his majesty's ministers are neither few nor silent. But it has so happened, that the exercise of the virtue of mutual forbearance has happily preserved Liverpool from those public acts of acrimonious hostility, which have at various times since the era of the French revolution troubled the quiet of other districts of the kingdom. This fact cannot be entirely the result of a fortunate concurrence of circumstances. It is the effect of various causes, among which may be enumerated the prudence and candour of the leaders of parties; the regular and constitutional manner in which the overt acts of support and of opposition to ministry have been conducted; the activity of the police; but, above all, the intermingling of interests, which necessarily results from the extension of commercial transactions. It has been observed with pride and satisfaction, that even immediately after the intemperate heat of a contested election, the merchants and tradesmen of different interests meet together at the exchange, and,

in the mutual accommodations of business, at once lose the remembrance of a dispute in which, but a day or two before, they had spared neither their personal exertions, nor their purses.

The public indignation has been so successfully excited against the African trade, the profit and infamy of which are almost monopolized by the town of Liverpool, that many will be apt to suppose that this unpopular branch of commerce must have some effect upon the manners of its inhabitants. But when it is considered how few out of a population of sixty-five thousand persons have any direct concern in this trade, it will be obvious that its influence on the habits of society cannot possibly be discernible. The merchant who buys and sells one thousand negroes, may be as sociable in his manners, and as humane in his general conduct, as the statesman who hires, or lets to hire, one thousand soldiers. A company of tradesmen may fit out an adventure to Africa; a cabinet may lay a plan to plunder a province: but the individuals of the company, and the members of the cabinet, will, in all probability, be found to differ little from the other men of their own station in the common intercourses of life.

MADAME RICAMIER'S BEDCHAMBER.

THE luxury of *les parvenus*; *ou, nouveaux riches*, upstarts, or new gentry, is scarcely conceivablethe following is a description of the house of Madame Ricamier.

The drawing-room and *salle a manger* (eating-room) were not yet finished. The furniture prepared for each was rich. I did not think it particularly beautiful; but the bedroom and bathing cabinet exceeding in luxury every thing which I ever beheld, or even ventured to imagine. The canopy of the bed was of the finest muslin, the covering of pink satten, the frame of beautiful

mahogany, supported by figures in gold of antique shapes. The steps which led to this delicious couch were covered with red velvet, ornamented on each side with artificial flowers, highly scented. On one side stood, on a pedestal, a marble statue of *Silence*, with this inscription....

"Tutatur somnos et amores conscia lecti."

On the other, a very lofty gold stand, for a taper or lamp. A fine mirror filled up one side of the bed, and was reflected by one at the top, and another at the opposite side of the room. The walls were covered with mahogany, relieved with gold borders, and now and then with glass. The whole in excellent taste. The bathing cabinet, which adjoined, was equally luxurious. The bath, when not in use, forms a sofa, covered with kersey-mere, edged with gold; and the whole of this cabinet is as pretty as the bed-room. Beyond this room is the bed-chamber of *Monsieur*, plain, neat, and unaffected; and on the other side a little closet, covered with green silk, and opening on the garden, in which *Madame* sits when she amuses herself with drawing. To conclude, I find "the loves" which "*Silence* guards," and of which this Paphian seat is the witness, are those of January and May; for the wife is twenty, the greatest beauty in Paris, and the husband something less than sixty."

ACCOUNT OF THE TANGUN HORSE FOUND AT THIBET.

This species, which is indigenous to Bootan, has its title from the region in which they are bred: being called Tangun, vulgarly Tannian, from Tangustan, the general appellation of that assemblage of mountains which constitutes the territory of Bootan. The breed is altogether confined within these

limits, being found in none of the neighbouring countries; neither in Assam, Nipal, Thibet, nor Bengal. I am inclined to consider it as an original and distinct species: they are distinguished in colour by a general tendency to piebald: those of one colour are rare, and not so valuable in the opinion of the Booteea, but they are more esteemed by the English, and bear a higher price than the party-coloured, which are composed of the various shades of black, bay, and sorrel, upon a ground of the purest white. They are usually about thirteen hands in height, and are remarkable for their symmetry and just proportions; uniting, in an eminent degree, both strength and beauty. They are short bodied, clean limbed, and, though deep in the chest, yet extremely active. From this conformation they derive such a superiority in strength of muscle, when condensed by the repeated effort of struggling against acclivities, as can never be attained by a horse of a thin and light shoulder. It is surprising to observe the energy and vigour apparent in the movements of a Tangun. Accustomed to struggle against opposition, they seem to inherit this spirit as a principle of their nature; and hence they have acquired a character among Europeans, of being headstrong and ungovernable;.... though, in reality, it proceeds from an excess of eagerness to perform their task.

Indeed, some of those that come into our hands aged, have acquired habits of resistance, which it is rather difficult to modify or reform. These are chiefly to be attributed to the strong hand with which they are governed: I have seen a Tangun horse tremble in every joint, when the groom has seized both ends of a severe bit, and compressed his jaws, as it were, in a vice. Under the strongest impression of fear, they execute their labour with an energy unsubdued even by fatigue; and their willingness to work, added

to their comparatively small value, has drawn upon them a heavy share of the hardest services in Bengal, equal with that of the tallest and most powerful horses in India, both for the road and draught; yet, in the heaviest carriages, they are never seen to flinch, but often betray an impatience, and start forward with a spring, that sometimes surprises their driver. If they happen to have been unskillfully treated, they will not unfrequently bear against the bit with a force which seems to increase with every effort to restrain them. Sometimes, with less apparent cause on their side, they lean against each other, as though it were a struggle which of them should push his companion down; at other times, they lean with so great an inclination from the pole, that a person unacquainted with them would apprehend every instant, that they must either fall or the traces break. These are habits, indeed, which it requires the greatest patience to endure, and a long course of mild and good usage to subdue. By such means it is practicable to govern them; but to a person not endued with a very even temper, I would by no means recommend the contest; for, after all, strong and hardy as Tanguns are, they are less able to bear the heat of an Indian sun than any other breed, and they often fall victims to it when hard driven in very hot weather.

PRAYER SANCTIONED BY PHILOSOPHY...BY EULER.

BEFORE I proceed farther in my lessons on philosophy and physics, I think it my duty to point out to you their connection with religion.*

* I take the liberty, likewise, to restore the following passage, which M. de Condorcet, in his philosophical squeamishness, has thought un-

I begin with considering an objection, which almost all the philosophic systems have started against prayer. Religion prescribes this as our duty, with an assurance that God will hear and answer our vows and prayers, provided they are conformable to the precepts which he has given us. Philosophy, on the other hand, instructs us, that all events take place in strict conformity to the course of nature, established from the beginning, and that our prayers can effect no change whatever, unless we pretend to expect, that God should be continually working miracles, in compliance with our prayers. This objection has the greater weight; that religion itself teaches the doctrine of God's having established the course of all events, and that nothing can come to pass, but what God foresaw from all eternity. Is it credible, say the objectors, that God should think of altering this settled course, in compliance with any prayers which men might address to him?

But I remark, first, that when God established the course of the universe, and arranged all the events which must come to pass in it, he paid attention to all the circumstances which should accompa-

worthy of a place in his edition of the work.

"However extravagant and absurd the sentiments of certain philosophers may be, they are so obstinately prepossessed in favour of them, that they reject every religious opinion and doctrine which is not conformable to their system of philosophy. From this source are derived most of the sects and heresies in religion. Several philosophic systems are really contradictory to religion; but in that case, divine truth ought surely to be preferred to the reveries of men, if the pride of philosophers knew what it was to yield. Should sound philosophy sometimes seem in opposition to religion, that opposition is more apparent than real; and we must not suffer ourselves to be dazzled with the speciousness of objection."

ny each event; and particularly to the dispositions, to the desires, and prayers of every intelligent being; and that the arrangement of all events was disposed in perfect harmony with all these circumstances. When, therefore, a man addresses to God a prayer worthy of being heard, it must not be imagined, that such a prayer came not to the knowledge of God till the moment it was formed. That prayer was already heard from all eternity; and if the Father of mercies deemed it worthy of being answered, he arranged the world expressly in favour of that prayer, so that the accomplishment should be a consequence of the natural course of events. It is thus that God answers the prayers of men, without working a miracle.

The establishment of the course of the universe, fixed once for all, far from rendering prayer unnecessary, rather increases our confidence, by conveying to us this consolatory truth, that all our prayers have been already from the beginning, presented at the feet of the throne of the Almighty, and that they have been admitted into the plan of the universe, as motives conformably to which events were to be regulated, in subserviency to the infinite wisdom of the Creator.

Can any one believe, that our condition would be better, if God had no knowledge of our prayers before we presented them, and that he should then be disposed to change in our favour, the order of the course of nature? This might well be irreconcilable to his wisdom, and inconsistent with his adorable perfections. Would there not, then, be reason to say, that the world was a very imperfect work? That God was entirely disposed to be favourable to the wishes of men; but, not having foreseen them, was reduced to the necessity of, every instant, interrupting the course of nature, unless he were determined totally to disregard the wants of intelligent beings, which, nevertheless, constitute the principal part

of the universe? For to what purpose create this material world, replenished with so many wonders, if there were not intelligent beings, capable of admiring it, and of being elevated by it to the adoration of God, and to the most intimate union with their Creator, in which, undoubtedly, their highest felicity consists? Hence it must absolutely be concluded, that intelligent beings, and their salvation, must have been the principal object in subordination to which God regulated the arrangement of this world, and we have every reason to rest assured, that all the events which take place in it, are in the most delightful harmony with the wants of intelligent beings, to conduct them to their true happiness; but without constraint, because of their liberty, which is essential to spirits as extension is to body. There is, therefore, no ground for surprise, that there should be intelligent beings, which shall never reach felicity.

In this connection of spirits with events, consists the divine providence, of which every individual has the consolation of being a partaker; so that every man may rest assured, that from all eternity he entered into the plan of the universe. How ought this consideration to increase our confidence, and our joy in the providence of God, on which all religion is founded? You see then, that on this side religion and philosophy are by no means at variance.

SWEDISH MODE OF TRAVELLING ON THE ICE, BY E. ACERBI.

WHEN a traveller is going to cross over the gulf on the ice to Finland, the peasants always oblige him to engage double the number of horses to what he had upon his arriving in Grislehamn. We were forced to take no less than eight sledges, being three in company,

and two servants. This appears at first sight to be an imposition on the part of the peasants; but we found, by experience, that it was a necessary precaution. The distance across is forty-three English miles, thirty of which you travel on the ice without touching on land. This passage over the frozen sea is, doubtless, the most singular and striking spectacle that a traveller from the south can behold. I laid my account with having a journey more dull and unvaried than surprising or dangerous. I expected to travel forty-three miles without sight of land over a vast and uniform plain, and that every successive mile would be in exact unison and monotonous correspondence with those I had already travelled; but my astonishment was greatly increased in proportion as we advanced from our starting-post. The sea, at first smooth and even, became more and more rugged and unequal. It assumed as we proceeded, an undulating appearance, resembling the waves by which it had been agitated. At length we met with masses of ice heaped one upon the other, and some of them seeming as if they were suspended in the air, while others were raised in the form of pyramids. On the whole they exhibited a picture of the wildest and most savage confusion, that surprized the eye by the novelty of its appearance. It was an immense chaos of icy ruins, presented to view under every possible form, and embellished by superb stalactites of a blue green colour.

Amidst this chaos, it was not without difficulty and trouble that our horses and sledges were able to find and pursue their way. It was necessary to make frequent windings, and sometimes to return in a contrary direction, following that of a frozen wave, in order to avoid a collection of icy mountains that lay before us. In spite of all our expedients for discovering the evenest paths, our sledges were every moment overturned to the right or the

left, and frequently the legs of one or other of the company, raised perpendicular in the air, served as a signal for the whole caravan to halt. The inconvenience and danger of our journey were still farther increased by the following circumstance. Our horses were made wild and furious, both by the sight and the smell of our great pelices, manufactured of the skins of the Russian wolves or bears. When any of the sledges was overturned, the horses belonging to it, or to that next to it, frightened at the sight of what they supposed to be a wolf or bear rolling on the ice, would set off at full gallop to the great terror of both passengers and driver. The peasant, apprehensive of losing his horse in the midst of this desert, kept firm hold of the bridle, and suffered his horse to drag his body through masses of ice, of which sharp points threatened to cut him in pieces. The animal, at last wearied out by the constancy of the man, and disheartened by the obstacles continually opposed to his flight, would stop; then we were enabled again to get into our sledges, but not till the driver had blindfolded the animal's eyes: but one time, one of the wildest and most spirited of all the horses in our train, having taken fright, completely made his escape. The peasant who conducted him, unable any longer to endure the pain and fatigue of being dragged through the ice, let go his hold of the bridle. The horse relieved from this weight, and feeling himself at perfect liberty, redoubled his speed, and surmounted every impediment. The sledge, which he made to dance in the air, by alarming his fears, added new wings to his flight. When he had fled to a considerable distance from us, he appeared from time to time as a dark spot which continued to diminish in the air, and at last totally vanished from our sight. Then it was that we recognized the prudence of having in our party some spare horses, and we were fully sensible of the danger that must attend a journey across

the gulf of Bothnia without such a precaution. The peasant, who was the owner of the fugitive, taking one of the sledges, went in search of him, trying to find him again by following the traces of his flight. As for ourselves we made the best of our way to the isles of Aland, keeping as nearly as we could in the middle of the same plain, still being repeatedly overturned, and always in danger of loosing one or other of our horses, which would have occasioned a very serious embarrassment. During the whole of this journey we did not meet with, on the ice, so much as one man, beast, bird, or any living creature. Those vast solitudes present a desert abandoned as it were by nature. The dead silence that reigns is interrupted only by the whistling of the winds against the prominent points of ice, and sometimes by the loud crackings occasioned by their being irresistibly torn from this frozen expanse; pieces thus forcibly broken off are frequently blown to a considerable distance. Through the rents produced by these ruptures, you may see below the watery abyss; and it is sometimes necessary to lay planks across them, by way of bridges, for the sledges to pass over.

The only animals that inhabit those deserts, and find them an agreeable abode, are sea-calves or seals. In the cavities of the ice they deposit the fruits of their love, and teach their young ones, betimes, to brave all the rigours of the rudest season. Their mothers lay them down all naked as they are brought forth, on the ice; and their fathers take care to have an open hole in the ice near them, for a speedy communication with the water. Into these they plunge with their young the moment they see a hunter approach; or at other times they descend into them spontaneously in search of fishes for sustenance to themselves and their offspring. The manner in which the male seals make those holes in the ice is astonishing: neither their teeth nor their paws have any share in this opera-

tion; but it is performed solely by their breath. They are often hunted by the peasants of the isles. When the islanders discover one of those animals, they take post with guns and staves, at some distance from him, behind a mass of ice, and wait till the seal comes up from the water for the purpose of taking in his quantum of air. It sometimes happens, when the frost is extremely keen, that the hole is frozen up almost immediately after the seal makes his appearance in the atmosphere; in which case the peasants fall on him with their sticks, before he has time with his breath to make a new aperture. In such extremities the animal displays an incredible degree of courage. With his formidable teeth he bites the club with which he is assaulted, and even attempts to attack the persons who strike him; but the utmost efforts and resistance of these creatures are not much dreaded, on account of the slowness of their motions, and the inaptitude of their members to a solid element.

After considerable fatigue, and many adventures, having refreshed our horses about half way on the high sea, we at length touched at the small island of Signilskar. This island presents to the view, neither wood nor lawn, and is inhabited only by some peasants, and the officer of the telegraph which is stationed here for keeping up a correspondence with that of Grisehamn. It is one of those little islands scattered in this part of the gulf, which collectively bear the name of Aland. The distance from Grisehamn to Signilskar, in a straight line, is five Swedish miles, which are nearly equal to thirty-five English; but the turnings we were obliged to make, in order to find out the most practicable places, could not be less than ten English miles more. All this while we were kept in anxious suspense concerning the fate of our fugitive horse, and entertained the most uneasy apprehensions that he was either lost in the immensity of the icy desert, or buried perhaps in

the watery abyss. We were preparing to continue our journey through the isles on the ice, and had already put new horses to our sledge, when we spied, with inexpressible pleasure, the two sledges returning with the fugitive. The animal was in the most deplorable condition imaginable; his body was covered all over with sweat and foam, and was enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Still we did not dare to come near him; the excessive fatigue of his violent course had not abated his ferocity; he was as much alarmed at the sight of our pelices as before; he snorted, bounded, and beat the snow and ice with his feet; nor could the utmost exertions of the peasants to hold him fast have prevented him from once more making his escape, if we had not retired to some distance, and removed the sight and the scent of our pelices. From Signilskar we pursued our journey through the whole of the isles of Aland. In different parts of Aland you meet with post-houses, that is to say with places where you may get horses. You travel partly by land and partly over the ice of the sea. The distance between some of these islands amounts to no less than eight or ten miles. On the sea, the natives have used the precaution of fixing branches of trees, or putting small pines along the whole route, for the guidance of travellers in the night-time, or directing them how to find out the right way after falls of snow.

MESMERISM....FROM THE SAME.

THE Baron Silfverkielm was a very amiable man, who had past a great part of his life near the person of King Gustavus, had travelled, and seen much of the world. He was an excellent mechanic, amused himself with chemistry, possessed an admiral English electrical machine, made experiments, and was fond of reading and the study of belles-lettres. He was a man of no ceremo-

ny, and (which will not be believed by every one) a most famous magnetiser, and one of the greatest proficient among the disciples of Mesmer. I have seen the baron give proofs of his skill in animal magnetism, which, I confess, shook my incredulity a little, both in respect to the efficacy of his principles, and the existence of the magnetic fluid, or whatever else it may be called, which is supposed to operate upon individuals. The effect it produces cannot easily be attributed to ordinary causes, nor supported by reasons derived from the known laws of nature. Although he was unable to affect me with his magnetical powers, yet he wrought upon persons whose probity and good faith I am not at liberty in any degree to question. He repeated to me experiments he had made in different places, on different individuals, and in different circumstances; and I find myself satisfied as to the existence of some natural cause or principle which has hitherto remained unknown: it is wrapt up in obscurity, and is as yet inexplicable to the understanding. I am very far from attempting, after the baron's example, to account for it; though I think that a solution of this problem may be reserved for a period of higher improvement in the knowledge of nature, the study of which has been so successfully pursued, and so rapidly advanced, in the course of the present century. I saw my fellow-traveller, as incredulous as myself, fall into a profound sleep by the mere motion of the magnetiser's fingers; I heard him speak in his sleep, and reply to whatever questions I proposed to him; I saw him again wake by the simple motion of the magnetiser's fingers, while I was unable to rouse him from his somnolency, though I brought fire close to his hand, an experiment to which he was as insensible as a dead body. He awoke, after sleeping from five to six hours, remembering nothing of what he had said, denying obstinately that he had been asleep, and yielding with difficulty at last to

the authority of his watch, and the testimony of all those who had witnessed the circumstance. I might mention a number of facts relative to this subject, by which I should be able to prove, that in these trials there could be neither connivance nor imposture, nor previous arrangement; but this doctrine still lies too much under suspicion for me to dwell any longer upon it. I shall only add, that two English travellers, better informed, and, if possible, greater infidels than myself respecting mesmerism, happening to pass by Uleabourg at the same time, stopped a day, that they might observe some of the magnetical performances. From previous concert one of them was to assume the appearance of being affected; but at the moment when the magnetiser should seem confident that his art had taken effect, he who was to feign himself asleep, at a sign given him by the other, was to awake in surprise, and thus disappoint the credulity of the operator and his audience. The experiments accordingly began: one of them was unsusceptible of the magnetic impression, the other was actually affected, and his companion might make what signs he pleased; he was deaf, incapable of understanding any thing, and in such a languid and lethargic state, that every act of volition was entirely suspended. The two gentlemen will probably give some account of their travels, and possibly confirm the truth of my relation of these almost incredible experiments.

It is to be regretted, that the mesmerians in general have their minds so heated by the extraordinary, I had almost said supernatural, aspect of those phenomena, that they suffer themselves to be so hurried away by the imagination, as to mount the skies in order to find the physical cause of those effects among the clouds, instead of consulting and investigating nature in the practice of frequent experiments, and with that sobriety of mind which ought to be the faithful guide of philosophy in all

her inquiries into the causes of things. The imagination, fascinated and enslaved by the charm of something preternatural, tries, while bewildered with confused conceptions, to divine the meaning, the purpose, and the end of objects; and while it rambles about in the obscure and boundless regions of conjecture, the true spirit of inquiry loses the thread of its observations and of its analysis, and, bounding from one imperfect impression to another, is incapable of stopping to observe, compare, and judge: this was the infirmity of the good baron. He fancied to himself, that the soul of the person asleep was transported to regions of which the human mind in conjunction with the body, can form no idea. He went into particulars still more ridiculous, and asserted, for instance, that there all the souls were dressed in white, and that they enjoyed in that scene of delights such agreeable sensations as surpass all conception. He believed, that in that state of sleep they foresaw future events; and that their souls being exalted to a higher sphere of perception, they could see many things that are invisible to the material organs of our imperfect vision. Instead of interrogating the sleeper as to the nature of his feelings during his torpor; instead of trying to sound the condition of his physical faculties, or questioning him as to intelligible objects, his queries were always concerning the white robes, the paradise, and those elysian fields where, according to his theory, the souls are in the fruition of every species of pleasure, are perfectly at ease and clothed in their *robe de chambre*. He was desirous to receive intelligence from his ancestors, his great grandfather, or his late father; and they very kindly in general, sent him their compliments by the mouths of those couriers in white jackets.

From the manner in which I have stated my remarks, the reader will be able to judge of the light in which I viewed this subject. Having succeeded in our researches concerning

the electrical fluid, and what is called galvanism, I think it not impossible but we may discover some other fluid or material substance, which shall have its particular laws, relations and affinities. I am of opinion, that in animal magnetism we meet with appearances which cannot be traced to the imagination as their cause, nor indeed to any cause known or stated by the enemies of this doctrine. The French academicians themselves, in their report on animal magnetism, shew, perhaps, that they bestowed upon it neither the time nor the candour and impartiality which a subject so difficult, and so much entangled in the grossest prejudices, had a right to obtain from them. Upon the whole, I conclude that we are still entirely in the dark as to this unknown cause, which, though we cannot as yet assign to it any name or determinate qualification, is not on that account less possible.

BEAR-HUNTING IN FINLAND.

THE favourite weapon of the Finlander in hunting the bear, is an iron lance fixed at the end of a pole. At about the distance of a foot from the point of the lance is fixed a cross-bar, which prevents the instrument from penetrating too far into the body of the bear, or passing through both sides. When the Finlander has discovered where the bear has taken up his winter quarters, he goes to the place and makes a noise at the entrance of his den, by which he endeavours to irritate and provoke him to quit his strong hold. The bear hesitates and seems unwilling to come out; but continuing to be molested by the hunter, and perhaps by the barking of his dog, he at length gets up and rushes in fury from his cavern. The moment he sees the peasant, he rears himself upon his two hind legs ready to tear him to pieces. The Finlander instantly puts himself in the attitude of defence; that is to say, he brings

back the iron lance close to his breast concealing from the bear the length of the pole, in order that he may not have time to be upon his guard, and consequently to parry with his paws the mortal blow which the hunter means to aim at his vitals. The Finlander then advances boldly towards the bear, nor does he strike the blow till they are so near each other, that the animal stretches out his paws to tear his antagonist limb from limb. At that instant the peasant pierces his heart with the lance, which, but for the cross-bar, would come out at his shoulder; nor could he otherwise prevent the bear from falling upon him, an accident which might be highly dangerous. By means of the cross-bar the animal is kept upright, and ultimately thrown upon his back; but what may seem to some very extraordinary, is, the bear, feeling himself wounded, instead of attempting with his paws to pull out the lance, holds it fast, and presses it more deeply into the wound. When the bear, after rolling upon the snow, ceases from the last struggles of death, the Finlander lays hold of him, and calls for the assistance of his friends, who drag the carcase to his hut; and this triumph terminates in a sort of festival, where the poet assists, and sings the exploits of the hunter.

BATHING IN FINLAND.

ALMOST all the Finnish peasants have a small house built on purpose for a bath: it consists of only one small chamber, in the innermost part of which are placed a number of stones, which are heated by fire till they become red. On these stones, thus heated, water is thrown, untill the company within be involved in a thick cloud of vapour. In this innermost part, the chamber is formed into two stories for the accommodation of a greater number of persons within that small compass; and it being the nature of heat and vapour to ascend, the second

story is, of course, the hottest. Men and women use the bath promiscuously, without any concealment of dress, or being the least influenced by any emotions of attachment. If, however, a stranger open the door, and come on the bathers by surprise, the women are not a little startled at his appearance; for, besides his person, he introduces along with him, by opening the door, a great quantity of light, which discovers at once to the view their situation, as well as forms. Without such an accident they remain, if not in total darkness, yet in great obscurity, as there is no other window besides a small hole, nor any light but what enters in from some chink in the roof of the house, or the crevices between the pieces of wood of which it is constructed. I often amused myself with surprising the bathers in this manner, and I once or twice tried to go in and join the assembly; but the heat was so excessive that I could not breathe, and in the space of a minute at most, I verily believe, must have been suffocated. I sometimes stepped in for a moment, just to leave my thermometer in some proper place, and immediately went out again, where I would remain for a quarter of an hour, or ten minutes, and then enter again, and fetch the instrument to ascertain the degree of heat. My astonishment was so great that I could scarcely believe my senses, when I found that those people remain together, and amuse themselves for the space of half an hour, and sometimes a whole hour, in the same chamber, heated to the 70th or 75th degree of Celsius. The thermometer in contact with those vapours, became sometimes so hot, that I could scarcely hold it in my hands.

The Finlanders, all the while they are in this hot bath, continue to rub themselves, and lash every part of their bodies with switches formed of twigs of the birch-tree. In ten minutes they become as red as raw flesh, and have altogether a

a very frightful appearance. In the winter season they frequently go out of the bath, naked as they are, to roll themselves in the snow, when the cold is at 20 and even 30 degrees below zero.* They sometimes come out, still naked, and converse together, or with any one near them, in the open air: If travellers happen to pass by while the peasants of any hamlet, or little village, are in the bath, and their assistance is needed, they will leave the bath, and assist in yoking or unyoking, and fetching provender for the horses, or any thing else, without any sort of covering whatever, while the passenger sits shivering with cold, though wrapped in a good sound wolf's skin. There is nothing more wonderful than the extremities which man is capable of enduring through the power of habit.

The Finnish peasants pass thus instantaneously from an atmosphere of 70 degrees of heat, to one of 30 degrees of cold, a transition of a hundred degrees, which is the same thing as going out of boiling into freezing water! and, what is more astonishing, without the least inconvenience; while other people are very sensibly effected by a variation of but five degrees, and in danger of being afflicted with rheumatism by the most trifling wind that blows. Those peasants assure you, that without the hot vapour baths they could not sustain as they do, during the whole day, their various labours. By the bath, they tell you, their strength is recruited as much as by rest and sleep. The heat of the vapour mollifies to such a degree their skin, that the men easily shave themselves with wretched razors, and without soap.

NATURE OF THUNDER BY EULER.

LET a bar of metal, say of iron, be placed on a pillar of glass, or any other substance whose pores

* I speak always of the thermometer of a hundred degrees, by Celsius

are close, that when the bar acquires electricity it may not escape or communicate itself to the body which supports the bar; as soon as a thunder-storm arises, and the clouds which contain the thunder come directly over the bar, you perceive in it a very strong electricity, generally far surpassing that which art produces, if you apply the hand to it, or any other body with open pores, you see bursting from it, not only a spark but a very bright flash, with a noise similar to thunder; the man, who applies his hand to it, receives a shock so violent that he is stunned. This surpasses curiosity, and there is good reason why we should be on our guard, and not approach the bar during a storm.

A professor at Petersburg, named Richmann, has furnished a melancholy example. Having perceived a resemblance so striking between the phenomena of thunder and those of electricity, this unfortunate naturalist, the more clearly to ascertain it by experiment, raised a bar of iron on the roof of his house, cased below in a tube of glass, and supported by a mass of pitch. To the bar he attached a wire, which he conducted into his chamber, that as soon as the bar should become electric, the electricity might have a free communication with the wire, and so enable him to prove the effects in his apartment. And it may be proper to inform you, that this wire was conducted in such a manner as no where to be in contact but with bodies whose pores are close, such as glass, pitch, or silk, to prevent the escape of electricity.

Having made this arrangement, he expected a thunder-storm, which, unhappily for him, soon came. The thunder was heard at a distance; Mr. Richmann was all attention to his wire, to see if he could perceive any mark of electricity. As the storm approached, he judged it prudent to employ some precaution, and not keep too

near the wire; but happening carelessly to advance his chest a little, he received a terrible stroke, accompanied with a loud clap, which stretched him lifeless on the floor.

About the same time, the late Dr. Lieberkuhn and Dr. Ludolf were about making similar experiments, and in that view had fixed bars of iron on their houses; but being informed of the disaster which had befallen Mr. Richmann, they had the bars of iron immediately removed, and, in my opinion, they acted wisely.

From this you will readily judge, that the air or atmosphere must become very electric during a thunder-storm, or that the ether contained in it must then be carried to a very high degree of compression. This ether, with which the air is surcharged, will pass into the bar, because of its open pores, and it will become electric, as it would have been in the common method, but in a much higher degree." Mr. E. concludes his explanation of the phenomena of thunder and lightning with these observations in letter 38, and then proceeds to state the possibility of preventing and of averting the effects of thunder in letter 39.

Thunder then is nothing else but the effect of the electricity with which the colours are endowed; and as an electrified body, applied to another in its natural state, emits a spark with some noise, and discharges into it the superfluous ether, with prodigious impetuosity; the same thing takes place in a cloud that is electric, or surcharged with ether, but with a force incomparably greater, because of the terrible mass that is electrified, and in which, according to every appearance, the ether is reduced to a much higher degree of compression than we are capable of carrying it by our machinery.

When, therefore, such a cloud approaches bodies, prepared for the admission of its ether, this discharge must be made with in-

credible violence: instead of a simple spark, the air will be penetrated with a prodigious flash, which, exciting a commotion in the ether contained in the whole adjoining region of the atmosphere, produces a most brilliant light: and in this lightning consists.

The air is, at the same time, put into a very violent motion of vibration, from which results the noise of thunder. This noise must, no doubt, be excited at the same instant with the lightning; but you know that sound always requires a certain quantity of time, in order to its transmission to any distance, and that its progress is only at the rate of about a thousand feet in a second; whereas light travels with a velocity inconceivably greater. Hence we always hear the thunder later than we see the lightning: and from the number of seconds intervening between the flash and the report, we are enabled to determine the distance of the place where it is generated, allowing a thousand feet to a second.

The body itself, into which the electricity of the cloud is discharged, receives from it a most dreadful stroke; sometimes it is shivered to pieces; sometimes set on fire and consumed, if combustible; sometimes melted, if it be of metal; and, in such cases, we say it is thunder-struck; the effects of which, however surprising and extraordinary they may appear, are in perfect consistency with the well-known phenomena of electricity.

A sword, it is known, has sometimes been by thunder melted in the scabbard, while the last sustained no injury; this is to be accounted for from the openness of the pores of the metal, which the ether very easily penetrates, and exercises over it all its powers, whereas the substance of the scabbard is more closely allied to the nature of bodies with close pores, which permit not to the ether so free a transmission.

It has likewise been found, that of several persons, on whom the thunder has fallen, some only have

been struck by it; and that those who were in the middle suffered no injury. The cause of this phenomenon likewise is manifest. In a group exposed to a thunder-storm, they are in the greatest danger who stand in the nearest vicinity to the air that is surcharged with ether; as soon as the ether is discharged upon one, all the adjoining air is brought back to its natural state, and consequently those who were nearest to the unfortunate victim feel no effect, while others, at a greater distance, where the air is still sufficiently surcharged with ether, are struck with the same thunder-clap.

In a word, all the strange circumstances, so frequently related, of the effects of thunder, contain nothing which may not be easily reconciled with the nature of electricity.

Some philosophers have maintained, that thunder did not come from the clouds, but from the earth, or bodies. However extravagant this sentiment may appear, it is not so absurd, as it is difficult to distinguish, in the phenomena of electricity, whether the spark issues from the body which is electrified, or from that which is not so, as it equally fills the space between the two bodies; and if the electricity is negative, the ether and the spark are in effect emitted from the natural or non-electrified body. But we are sufficiently assured that, in thunder, the clouds have a positive electricity, and that the lightning is emitted from the clouds.

You will by justifiable, however, in asking, if by every stroke of thunder some terrestrial body is affected? We see, in fact, that it very rarely strikes buildings, or the human body; but we know, at the same time, that trees are frequently affected by it, and that many thunder-strokes are discharged into the earth and into the water. I believe, however, it might be maintained, that a great many do not descend so low, and that the electricity of the clouds is very fre-

quently discharged into the air or atmosphere.

The small opening of the pores of the air no longer opposes any obstruction to it, when vapours or rain have rendered it sufficiently humid; for then, we know, the pores open.

It may very possibly happen, in this case, that the superfluous ether of the clouds should be discharged simply into the air; and when this takes place, the strokes are neither so violent, nor accompanied with so great a noise, as when the thunder bursts on the earth, when a much greater extent of atmosphere is put in agitation.

CRITICISM ON KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

A COMPLETE translation of Klopstock's *Messiah* into English is devoutly to be wished. It may probably be expected from the hand of SIR HEABERT CROFT. He projects a prose-translation line for line, and has enjoyed so much of the author's acquaintance as occasionally to have consulted him about the meaning of those obscurer passages, which even Germans interpret with faltering. Such a version would not however preclude the wish for a *metrical*, polished, and less anxiously verbal translation: but I cannot in recommending to the future translator, the adoption of five-foot couplets, or heroic verse, as our most customary metre is called. So much English poetry has been written, since Dryden, in this form, that all possible structures of line are familiar, and all sources of variation exhausted; every cadence is an echo, every pause expected, every rhyme foreseen. It bestows therefore, even on novelty of thought, a flat featureless mein, an insipid treacly sameness, a terse quotidian triviality, very unfavourable to impression, and wholly impervious to peculiar and characteristic sallies of

genius and originality. The use of heroic verse, for rendering the work of a mannerist, is like adding to wine milk, which turns hock or sherris into the same undistinguishable posset. How much more of variety there is in the Homer of Cowper, or in the Tasso of Fairfax, than in the couplets of Pope, and Hoole. Had Macpherson versified all Ossian, like the specimen in his preface, would he have detained to the end our attention so delightfully? To a majestic simplicity of style, to the sublime of thought only, heroic verse seems peculiarly fatal....consult the rhyme book of Job....it is more insufferable than the Alexandrines of a French tragedy.

The very metre employed in the original *Messiah* is no less adaptable to the other Gothic dialects than the German. In all of them stress makes quantity. An emphatic syllable is long; an unemphatic syllable, short. The scanner has to consider neither the articulation of the vowels, nor the position of the consonants; two accented syllables form his spondee; one accented and two unaccented, his dactyl. With such feet Klopstock composes *Hexameters*, carefully putting a dactyl in the fifth place, unless a peculiar heaviness of cadence is requisite; and indulging frequently in the licentious substitution of trochees to spondee, not only the sixth place, as was common among the ancients, but in any other. This form of line is usually fluent to rapidity: it invites and favours a frequent use of compound words, which abound in Klopstock, and which, like every peculiarity of a great master of song, ought in a version carefully to be retained. Such compounds, especially when they consist of two monosyllables, would read harsh in English, is rhymed, or even in blank verse; and would appear to clog the iambic step with spondaic ponderosity. Hexameter is therefore better adapted than the metres in use to transfer with faithfulness

the manner of this writer. Take the passage already produced in rhyme, as a specimen.

So at the midnight hour draws nigh to
the slumbering city
Pestilence. Couch'd on his broad-
spread wings lurks under the ram-
part
Death, bale-breathing. As yet un-
alarmed are the peaceable dwellers;
Close to his nightly-lamp the sage yet
watches; and high friends
Over wine not unhallow'd, in shelter
of odorous bowers,
Talk of the soul and of friendship,
and weigh their immortal duration.
But too soon shall frightful Death, in
a day of affliction,
Pouncing, over them spread; in a
day of moaning and anguish....
When with wringing of hands the
bride for the bridegroom loud wails;
When, now of all her children bereft,
the desperate mother
Furious curses the day on which she
bore, and was born....when
Weary with hollower eye, amid the
carcasses totter
Even the buriers....till the sent Death-
angel; descending,
Thoughtful, on thunder-clouds, be-
holds all lonesome and silent,
Gazes the wide desolation, and long
broods over the graves, fixt.

Perhaps some other writer will throw this fine picture into blank verse so well, as to convince the public, that the beauties of Klopstock can be naturalized without strangeness, and his peculiarities retained without affectation; that quaintness, the unavoidable companion of neologism, is as needless to genius, as hostile to grace; the hexameter, until it is familiar, must repel, and, when it is familiar, may annoy; that it wants a musical orderliness of sound; and that its cantering capricious movement opposes the grave march of solemn majesty, and better suits the ordinary scenery of Theocritus than the empyreal visions of Klopstock.

Yet these considerations can all be enfeebled. The unusual in metre, as in style, must appear strange,

affected or quaint at first, but with each successive act of attention this impression by its very nature diminishes; it arising solely from want of habit. When the latent utility and adequate purpose of innovation comes at length to be discerned, the peculiarity commonly affords an additional zest. The employment of hexameters would obey this general law. Use would render their cadence soothing. All supposed association between metre and matter is in a great degree arbitrary, and is commonly accidental. The first classical and popular work produced in a given measure decides the reputedly appropriate expression of that measure. Double rhymes, which are thought to have a ludicrous effect in English, are in every other modern language essential for sublime composition. Anapæstic metre would have passed for elegiac, if Shenstone, Beattie, and the plaintive poets, had not been interrupted in the use of it by the author of the election-ball. If Penseroso and Hudibras scan alike: and hexameters may again, as of old, serve both for an Iliad and a Margites. In short, the matter not the form, constitutes the essence of a work of literary art; and where the matter is fine, the form will soon be supposed to have contributed to its spirit, and to its beauty. The adoption of hexameter would afford that sort of delight which arises from the contemplation of difficulty overcome. It would necessarily introduce many novelties of style; and variety is the grand recipe of gratification. It would banish, from metrical reasons, half the established phrases and hacknied combinations of the rhymers' dictionary. It would arouse the industry of the composers, who, not finding a ready made acquaintance of substantives and epithets well paired and rhythmically drilled, would have to contrive fresh unions, and would often accomplish happier matches. While some withering words would drop from the foliaceous tree of our lan-

guage; the light green leaves of many a new and fairer sprout of expression would spread abroad, and fresh blossoms of diction unrimple their roseate petals.

When Klopstock published the first five books of his *Messiah*, hexameter was assailed by the critics as a most unnatural costume for the German Muse: the poet persevered, and the nation is converted. Why should not his future translator anticipate a similar success?

It may be doubted however if the most fortunate Englisher of Klopstock would obtain that national popularity and gratitude, that recognition of his work as a perpetual classic, which Mickle, beyond our other epic translators, seems to have attained. Klopstock's *Messiah*, why should it not be owned? will appear dull in English; because it is really so in German. The plan was not struck out at a single effort; it is all piece-meal soldering, instead of being melted in one cast. It wants distinctness, proportion, cohesion. The fable is consequently deficient in interest. Where there is no wholeness, there can be no care for the one great end. Nor does all the topical application of the poet overcome this constitutional imperfection of his work. The crucifixion and the resurrection ought to have been the focuses of expectation, the centres of attraction along the whole orbit of his cometary course: they are lost sight of in favour of a galaxy of minute anecdotes, and a zodiac of mythological apparitions. What the action wants of extent as to time, the poet has endeavoured to supply by extent as to space, and beckons spectators from every cranny of the universe. He seems aloof and adrift in a crowded atmosphere of spirits and angels, where every little group is gibbering, and occasionally veers to look at the execution that is going on: but his mortal astonishment, instead of selecting the mightier business for record, thinks every character in the throng worth describing, and gets

bewildered in the infinitude of his task. No epopœa exists, out of which so many passages and personages could be cut without mutilation. Distracted by the multiplicity of subordinate objects, curiosity excited concerning each is inconsiderable. That headlong participation in the pursuits of the heroes, which bawls aloud along with Hector for fire, is nowhere felt in the *Messiah*. Every secondary incident should have found a place only in as much as it tended to advance or retard, or influence, the grand catastrophe. An anxiety about the chief business of the poem might thus have been inspired. Now, the parts withdraw attention from the whole: one sees not the forest for the trees. Instead of bearing down on the point for which he is bound, and sailing with full canvas toward his main destination, Klopstock is continually laving: beautiful or sublime as the islands and rocks may be which he thus brings into view, they indemnify not his forgetting the voyage. One as willingly begins with the second book as with the first: one as willingly stops after the eighth canto as after the tenth. The thousand and one episodes of the second half of the poem have interrupted many a reader, and one translator, in his determination to travel to the end. The multiplicity of the pietistical rapsodies would weary even Saint Theresa.

(To be Continued.)

THE POSSIBILITY OF PREVENTING, AND OF AVERTING, THE EFFECTS OF THUNDER.

It has been asked, whether it might not be possible to prevent, or to avert, the fatal effects of thunder? You are well aware of the importance of the question, and under what obligation I should lay a number of worthy people, were I able to indicate an infallible method of finding protection against thunder.

The knowledge of the nature and effects of electricity, permits me not to doubt that the thing is possible. I corresponded some time ago with a Moravian priest, named Procopius Divisch, who assured me that he had averted, during a whole summer, every thunder-storm which threatened his own habitation and the neighbourhood, by means of a machine constructed on the principles of electricity. Several persons, since arrived from that country, have assured me that the fact is undoubted, and confirmed by irresistible proof.

But there are many respectable characters, who, on the supposition that the thing is practicable, would have their scruples respecting the lawfulness of employing such a preservative. The ancient pagans, no doubt, would have considered him as impious, who should have presumed to interfere with Jupiter, in the direction of his thunder. Christians, who are assured that thunder is the work of God, and that Divine Providence frequently employs it to punish the wickedness of men, might with equal reason alledge, that it was impiety to attempt to oppose the course of sovereign justice.

Without involving myself in this delicate discussion, I remark that conflagrations, deluges, and many other general calamities, are likewise the means employed by Providence to punish the sins of men; but no one, surely, ever will pretend, that it is lawful to prevent, or resist, the progress of a fire or an inundation. Hence I infer, that it is perfectly lawful to use the means of prevention against the effects of thunder, if they are attainable.

The melancholy accident which befel Mr. Richmann at Petersburg, demonstrates, that the thunder-stroke which this gentleman unhappily attracted to himself, would undoubtedly have fallen somewhere else, and that such place thereby escaped: it can therefore no longer remain a question whether it be possible to conduct thunder to one

place in preference to another; and this seems to bring us near our mark.

It would, no doubt, be a matter of still greater importance, to have it in our power to divest the clouds of their electric force, without being under the necessity of exposing any one place to the ravages of thunder; we should, in that case, altogether prevent these dreadful effects, which terrify so great a part of mankind.

This appears by no means impossible; and the Moravian priest, whom I mentioned above, unquestionably effected it; for I have been assured, that his machinery sensibly attracted the clouds, and constrained them to descend quietly in a distillation, without any but a very distant thunder-clap.

The experiment of a bar of iron, in a very elevated situation, which becomes electric on the approach of a thunder-storm, may lead us to the construction of a similar machine, as it is certain, that in proportion as the bar discharges its electricity, the clouds must lose precisely the same quantity; but it must be contrived in such a manner, that the bars may immediately discharge the ether which they have attracted.

It would be necessary, for this purpose, to procure for them a free communication with a pool, or with the bowels of the earth, which, by means of their open pores, may easily receive a much greater quantity of ether, and disperse it over the whole immense extent of the earth, so that the compression of the ether may not become sensible in any particular spot. This communication is very easy by means of chains of iron, or any other metal, which will, with great rapidity, carry off the ether with which the bars are surcharged.

I would advise the fixing of strong bars of iron, in very elevated situations, and several of them together, their higher extremity to terminate in a point, as this figure is very much adapted to the attrac-

tion of electricity. I would, afterwards, attach long chains of iron to these bars, which I would conduct under ground into a pool, lake, or river, there to discharge the electricity; and I have no doubt, that after making repeated essays, the means may be certainly discovered of rendering such machinery more commodious, and more certain in its effect.

It is abundantly evident, that on the approach of a thunder-storm, the ether, with which the clouds are surcharged, would be transmitted in great abundance into these bars, which would thereby become very electric, unless the chains furnished to the ether a free passage, to spend itself in the water, and in the bowels of the earth.

The ether of the clouds would continue, thereafter, to enter quietly into the bars, and would, by its agitation, produce a light, which might be visible on the pointed extremities.

Such light is, accordingly, often observed, during a storm, on the summit of spires, an infallible proof that the ether of the cloud is there quietly discharging itself; and every one considers this as a very good sign, of the harmless absorption of many thunder-strokes.

Lights are likewise frequently observed at sea, on the tops of the masts of ships, known to sailors by the name of Castor and Pollux; and when such signs are visible, they consider themselves as safe from the stroke of thunder.

Most philosophers have ranked these phenomena among vulgar superstitions; but we are now fully assured, that such sentiments are not without foundation; indeed they are infinitely better founded than many of our philosophic reveries.

ADDRESS OF THE AMERICAN
CONVENTION TO THE PEOPLE
OF THE UNITED STATES.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

THE American convention for promoting the abolition of slavery,

and improving the condition of the African race, assembled for the purpose of deliberation upon such matters as relate to the design of their institution, believe it their duty to address you at this time: not with a view to descant upon the horrors of slavery, or its incompatibility with sound policy, with justice, with morality, and with the spirit and doctrines of christianity: for besides that the circumscribed nature of such an address necessarily precludes lengthy animadversion, these are topics which have been so repeatedly and ably discussed, as to leave little room for additional argument or new illustration. The feelings and the judgment have been often addressed with all the strength of reason and the powers of eloquence, and although prejudice may blind the eyes of some, and avarice close the avenues of sensibility in others, we derive consolation from the assurance, that the wise and the good, the liberal and the considerate of all classes of the community, lament the existence of slavery, and consider it as a dark stain in the annals of our country. We do not even hesitate to believe that many who hold slaves by demise, acknowledge the injustice of the tenure; but perplexed in the contemplation of the embarrassment in which they find themselves, they are ready to exclaim, "What shall be done with them?" We would willingly include these among the number of our friends, and intreat them to unite in the removal of an evil so justly and almost universally deplored.

A principal object of our concern, is to rouse the attention of the public to the continued...may we not say...increasing necessity of exertion. We fear many have taken up an idea, that there is less occasion now than formerly, for active zeal in promoting the cause of the oppressed African: but when it is remembered that there are about nine hundred thousand slaves in this country! that hundreds of

vessels do annually sail from our shores to traffic in the blood of our fellow men! and that the abominable practice of kidnapping is carried on to an alarming extent! surely it will not be thought a time for supineness and neglect. Ought not rather every faculty of the mind to be awakened? and in a matter wherein the reputation and prosperity of these United States are so deeply involved, is it possible that any can remain as indifferent and idle spectators?

The gross and violent outrages committed by a horde of kidnappers, call aloud for redress. We have reason to believe, there is a complete chain of them along our sea coast, from Georgia to Maine. Like the vulture, soaring in apparent indifference, while watching for his prey, these shameless men, disguised in the habiliments of gentlemen, haunt public places, and at night seize and carry off the victims of their avarice.....The convention are informed of some of their insidious manœuvres. They generally have vessels moored in small rivers and creeks, and after stealing the unprotected, they decoy by stratagem and allure by specious offers of gain, such free persons of colour as they find susceptible of delusion.....Others residing near the sea coast, are continually purchasing slaves in the middle states, to sell at an advanced price to their compeers in infamy. For the victims of this shocking business, they find a ready market among the southern planters. The design of this detail, must be obvious: it is to excite the vigilance of every friend to humanity and to virtue, in the detection and punishment of these monsters in the shape of men.

To complain of injustice, or petition for redress of grievances, cannot be mistaken for rebellion against the laws of our country..... We lament therefore the existence of statutes in the state of North Carolina, prohibiting individuals the privilege of doing justice to the

unfortunate slave, and to their own feelings, by setting him at liberty; and we learn with the deepest regret, that the state of South Carolina has recently repealed the law prohibiting the importation of slaves from Africa into that state. Such appears to be the melancholy fact; but we cannot restrain the involuntary question.... Is this possible? Is the measure of iniquity not yet filled? Is there no point at which you will stop? Or was it necessary to add this one step, to complete the climax of folly, cruelty, and desperation? Oh legislators! we beseech you to reflect, before you increase the evils which already surround you in gloomy and frightful perspective!

Beholding with anxiety the increase rather than diminution of slavery and its dreadful concomitants, we earnestly request the zealous co-operation of every friend to justice and every lover of his country. It is an honourable, a virtuous and a humane cause in which we have embarked. Much good has already been effected, but much remains to be done; and, under the divine blessing, may we not confidently hope, that in proportion to the sincerity of our motives, and the temperate, firm, and persevering constancy of our exertions will be our success, and peaceful reward. Those who live contiguous to the sea ports, in particular, we wish may be stimulated to vigilance, that none of those shameful acts of atrocity adverted to, may elude deserved punishment: and our fellow citizens of the eastern states are respectfully invited to pay attention to the clandestine traffic in slaves carried on from some of their ports. Such daring infractions of the laws of our country require prompt and decisive measures.

Many aspersions have been cast upon the advocates of the freedom of the Blacks, by malicious or interested men; but, conscious of the rectitude of our intentions, and the disinterestedness of our endeavours, we hope not to be intimi-

dated by censure from performing the part assigned us. We frankly own, that it is our wish to promote a general emancipation; and, in doing this, it is our belief that we essentially promote the true interests of the state: Although many inconveniences may result from a general liberation of the People of Colour; yet those which flow from their continuance in slavery must be infinitely greater, and are every day increasing. It is, therefore, in our estimation, desirable that this object should be brought about with as much speed as a prudent regard to existing circumstances, and the safety of the country will admit: But in all our endeavours for its accomplishment, we hope to move with care and circumspection. We pointedly disavow the most distant intention to contravene any existing law of the states collectively or separately....We will not knowingly infringe upon the nominal rights of property, although those rights may only be traced to our statute-books; and while we desire to be supported in our endeavours to defend the cause of the oppressed, we hope that discretion and moderation will characterize all our proceedings. We feel with others the common frailties of humanity, and, therefore cannot expect an exemption from error. The best intentions are sometimes inadvertently led astray; a lively zeal in a good cause may occasionally overleap the bounds of discretion: although therefore individuals may in some instances, have suffered their zeal to exceed knowledge, yet we repeat, that the line of conduct which we approve, and which is consonant with the spirit and design of our institutions, is in strict conformity with a due submission to existing laws, and to the legal claims of our fellow citizens. On this ground we think we have a just claim to the countenance and support of all liberal minds....of all who delight in the real prosperity of their country, and in the multiplication of human happiness.

We conclude in the expression of a hope that the Supreme Disposer of events, will prosper our labours in this work of justice, and hasten the day, when liberty shall be proclaimed to the captive, and this land of boasted freedom and independence, be relieved from the opprobrium which the sufferings of the oppressed African now cast upon it.

By order of the Convention,
MAT. FRANKLIN, President.
Attest....OTHN. ALSOP, Sec'ry.
Philadelphia, Jan. 13th, 1801.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN NEW JERSEY.

The legislature of New Jersey, on the 15th February passed a law for the gradual abolition of slavery. It enacts that every child born of a slave after the 4th day of July next, *shall be free*, but shall remain the servant of the owner of the mother, in the same manner as if such child had been bound to service by the overseers of the poor, males until the age of 25, and females until the age of 21....provides for the registry of the birth of all such children within nine months after such birthand gives liberty to the owner, at any time within one year from the birth, to *elect* to abandon his right to any such child, the owner being, nevertheless, liable to maintain the child until one year old, and thereafter the child to be considered as a pauper, and liable to be bound out to service as other poor children, males until the age of 25, and females 21....but while the child remains a pauper, and until it shall be bound out, it is to be maintained by the town, *at the expense of the state*, not exceeding the rate of three dollars per month... the owner not abandoning the child within the year, to be considered as having *elected* to retain the child, and liable to its maintenance during the respective periods of service limited by the act.

REPORTS TO CONGRESS.

The Secretary of the Treasury's Report to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

THAT at the close of the year 1801, the unexpended balance of the disbursements made out of the treasury, for the payment of the principal and interest of the public debt, which was applicable to payments falling due after that year, as ascertained by accounts rendered to the treasury department, amount to - - - - - *Dollars* 1,085,997 60

That during the year 1802, the following disbursements were made out of the treasury, on the same account, viz

I. There was paid on account of the reimbursement and interest of the domestic funded debt, the sum of - - - - - 4,618,021 39

II. On account of domestic loans obtained from the bank of the United States, viz.

On account of the principal - 1,290,000
Ditto interest, - - 162,025
- - - - - 1,452,025

III. On account of the domestic unfunded debt, viz.

On account of the debts due to foreign officers - - 7,994 92
Ditto certain parts of the Dutch debt - - - - 14,966 84
- - - - - 21,961 76

IV. On account of the principal and interest of the Dutch debt, including repayments in the treasury - - - - - 3,359,992 3

Amounting altogether to - - - - - *Dollars* 9,453,000 18

Which Disbursements were made out of the following funds, viz.

I. From the funds constituting the annual appropriation of seven millions three hundred thousand dollars, for the year 1802, viz.

From the fund arising from interest on the debt transferred to the commissioners of the sinking fund - - - - - 326,449 92

From the fund arising from payments into the treasury, of debts which originated under the late government - - - - - 888 79

From the fund arising from dividends on the capital stock, which belonged to the United States, in the bank of said states	- - -	33,960	
From the fund arising from the sales of public lands, being the amount of monies paid into the treasury, in the year 1802,	- -	79,575 52	
From the proceeds of duty on goods, wares, and merchandise, imported, and on the tonnage of ships and vessels,	- - -	6,759,125 77	7,300,000
<hr/>			
II. From the proceeds of duties on goods, wares, and merchandise, imported, and on the tonnage of ships or vessels advanced in part and on account of the annual appropriation of seven millions two hundred thousand dollars, for the year 1803	- - -	745,807 40	
III. From repayments in the treasury, on account of remittances purchased for providing for the foreign debt, viz.			
Repayment of the purchase money	- - -	109,120	
Damages and interest recovered	- - -	10,471 78	
		119,592 78	
<hr/>			
IV. From the proceeds of two thousand, two hundred and twenty shares capital stock of the bank of the United States,	- - -	1,287,602	Dol. 9,453,000 18
<hr/>			
That the above disbursements, together with the above-mentioned balance which remained unexpended on the 1st of January, 1802, and amounted altogether to	- - -		10,538,907 78
<hr/>			
Ten millions five hundred and thirty-eight thousand nine hundred and seven dollars, and seventy-eight cents, have been accounted for in the following manner, viz.			
I. There was repaid in the treasury, during the year 1802, on account of protested bills, or advances made for contracts which were not fulfilled	- - -	109,125	
II. The sums actually applied during the same year, to the payment of the principal and inter-			

est of the public debt, as ascertained by accounts rendered to the treasury department amount to seven millions seven hundred and seventy-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-four dollars and seventy cents, viz.

- I. Paid in reimbursement of the principal of the public debt 3,638,744 63
 II. On account of the interest and charges on the same, 4,134,110 07
 ----- 7,772,854 70

- III. The balance remaining unexpended at the close of the year 1802, and applicable to payments falling due after that year, as ascertained by accounts rendered to the treasury department, amounted to - 2,656,933 08

Two millions six hundred and fifty-six thousand, nine hundred and thirty-three dollars and eight cents - - - - - 10,538,907 78

That during the year 1803, the following disbursements were made out of the Treasury, on account of the principal and interest of the public debt, viz.

- I. There was paid on account of the reimbursement and interest of the domestic funded debt, a sum of - - - - - 4,568,176 68

- II. On account of domestic loans obtained from the bank of the United States, viz.

On account of the principal 500,000
 Ditto ditto interest - - - 82,300
 ----- 582,000

- III. On account of the domestic unfunded debt, viz.

On account of debts due to foreign officers - - - 12,123 31
 Ditto certain parts of the domestic debt - - - 12,073 43
 ----- 24,196 74

- IV. On account of the principal and interest of the foreign debt, including repayment in the treasury - - - 2,153,348 17

Amounting altogether to - - - - - 7,327,721 59

Which disbursements were made up of the following funds, viz.

I. From the funds constituting the annual appropriation of seven millions three hundred thousand dollars for the year 1803, viz.		
From the fund arising from interest on the debt transferred to the commissioners of the sinking fund, as per statement (N)	- - - 401,355 5	
From the fund arising from payments into the treasury, of debts which originated under the late government, as per statement (O)	- - - 135 46	
From the fund arising from the sales of public lands, being the amount of monies paid into the treasury in the year 1803, as per statement (P)	- - - 158,949 65	
From the proceeds of duties on goods, wares, and merchandise imported, and on the tonnage of ships and vessels	- - - 5,993,752 44	
Amounting altogether to	- - -	6,554,192 60
Which sum of	- - - 6,554,192 60	
together with the sum advanced during the year 1802, on account of the appropriation for the year 1803, and amounting, as above stated, to	- - - 745,807 40	
Make in the whole the annual appropriation of dollars, for the year 1803	- - - 7,300,000	
II. From the proceeds of duties on goods, wares, and merchandise imported, and on the tonnage of ships or vessels advanced in part, and on account of the annual appropriation for the year 1804	- - -	753,236 40
III. From repayments in the treasury, on account of remittances purchased for providing for the foreign debt, and of advances made to commissioners of loans, viz.		
Repayment of the purchase money, and advances	- - - 13,117 48	
Damages and interest recovered	2,218	
	- - - 15,335 43	
IV. From the monies appropriated by law for paying commissioners to agents employed in the		

purchase of remittances for the foreign debt, being the amount paid at the treasury during the year 1803, for that object

4,957 1

7,327,721 59

That the abovementioned disbursements, together with the above stated balance of dollars which remained unexpended at the close of the year 1802, and with a further sum arising from the profits made on remittances made to Holland, by the way of London, which is estimated at

2,656,933

11,200

Dollars, 9,995,854 67

And amounting altogether to nine millions nine hundred and fifty thousand eight hundred fifty-four dollars, sixty-seven cents, will be accounted for in the next annual report, in conformity with the accounts which shall then have been rendered to the treasury department.

That in the mean while, the manner in which the said sum has been applied, is from the partial accounts which have been rendered, and from the knowledge of the payments intended to be made both in Holland and in America, estimated as follows, viz.

I. The repayments in the treasury have amounted to

13,117 43

II. The sums actually applied, during the year 1803 to the payment of the principal and interest of the public debt, are estimated as follow, viz.

I. Paid in the reimbursements of the principal of the public debt

4,528,196 74

On account of interest and charges on the same

3,903,144 11

Amounting altogether to

8,481,340 85

III. The balance remaining unexpended at the close of the year 1803, and applicable to the payments falling due after that year, is estimated at

1,551,396 34

Dollars, 9,995,857

That no purchases of the debt of the United States have been made since the date of the last report to congress.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has transmitted to Congress, a statement of goods, wares, and merchandise, exported from the United States for one year, prior to the first day of October, 1803. The goods, wares and merchandise of domestic growth or manufacture, included in the statement, are estimated at forty-two millions two hundred and five thousand nine hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars; and of those of foreign growth or manufactures at thirteen millions five hundred and ninety-four thousand and seventy-two dollars.

The exports to Great Britain and her colonies, it appears, has increased immensely for the last year. It is stated, that eleven millions six hundred and two thousand four hundred and fifty-seven dollars of domestic produce of America, has been exported to England, Man, and Berwick alone. While the exports to all France, and her colonies, amount only to four millions nine hundred and thirty-two thousand one hundred and ninety-three dollars.

It will also be observed that the exports from the state of New-York exceed that of any other state in the union by upwards of two millions.

The following is a summary of the value of the exports from each state:

	<i>Domestic.</i>	<i>Foreign.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
New-Hampshire,	443,527	51,093	494,620
Massachusetts,	5,399,020	3,369,546	8,768,566
Vermont,	89,540	27,940	147,450
Rhode-Island,	664,230	611,366	1,275,596
Connecticut,	1,238,388	10,188	1,248,571
New-York,	7,626,831	3,191,556	10,813,387
New-Jersey	21,311		21,311
Pennsylvania	4,021,214	3,504,496	7,525,710
Delaware,	186,087	240,466	428,153
Maryland,	3,838,396	1,371,022	5,209,418
Virginia,	7,229,967	184,376	7,414,346
N. Carolina,	926,308	26,296	952,614
S. Carolina,	6,863,343	947,765	7,811,108
Georgia,	2,345,387	25,488	2,370,875
Territory of the United States,	1,301,832	32,476	1,343,308
<i>Dollars,</i>	42,205,961	13,594,072	55,800,033

SALARIES OF PUBLIC OFFICERS.

The Secretary of State....Five Thousand Dollars.
 The Secretary of the Treasury....Five Thousand Dollars.
 The Secretary of War....Four Thousand Five Hundred Dollars.
 The Secretary of the Navy....Four Thousand Five Hundred Dollars.
 The Attorney-General....Three Thousand Dollars.
 The Comptroller of the Treasury....Three Thousand Five Hundred Dollars.
 The Treasurer....Three Thousand Dollars.
 The Auditor of the Treasury....Three Thousand Dollars.
 The Register of the Treasury....Two Thousand Four Hundred Dollars.
 The Accountant of the War Department....Two Thousand Dollars.
 The Accountant of the Navy Department....Two Thousand Dollars.
 The Post-Master General....Three Thousand Dollars.
 The Assistant Post-Master General...One Thousand Seven Hundred Dollars.
 Payable quarterly....to continue for three years from January 1, 1804.

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